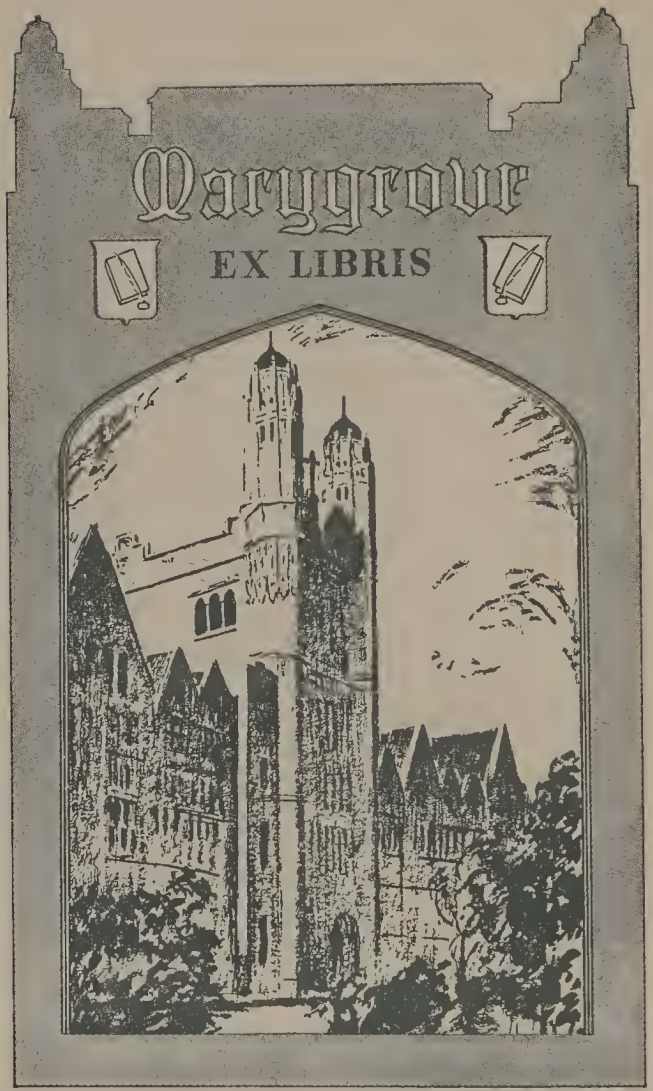
GIRL'S STORIES of GREAT WOMEN

BY

Elsie E. Egermeier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Girl's Stories of Great Women

Girl's Stories of Great Women

By Elsie E. Egermeier
Author of Bible Story Book

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PREFACE

Your world is more friendly toward you than it was toward your grandmother when she was a girl. It is a more comfortable world for you to live in than it was then. Some of these changes have come about through the hard work of women who believed these changes would help to make the world better. And because so many people have been helped by their work, we call those hard-working women great.

We are eager to learn about these great women who have had a part in making life more pleasant for us. We are glad to know they were real people, like ourselves. And we are interested to find out facts about their childhood days, and their early youth, when they, too, were girls.

The stories in this volume were written for the purpose of introducing you to a few of these great women. You will discover in reading the stories that you in your girlhood are sharing some of their experiences. But you will not fail to notice the differences between their girlhood days and yours —differences in customs which prevented them from enjoying advantages which you now take for granted are your right. Because they felt the unfairness of those customs they worked long and

suffered hardships to change them. And they succeeded.

That you may be inspired through reading these stories to help your sisters on to better things, is the wish of

THE AUTHOR

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Girl's Stories of Great Women

Story I

THE GIRL WHO TAUGHT THE "JESUS WAY" TO SAVAGES

"Oh, I wish I could help the bush children," sighed a little Scotch lassie one day after hearing her mother tell about the poor black boys and girls in faraway Africa. "I am going to be a missionary when I grow up, and go out there and teach those folks—real ways."

"But you're only a *girl,*" protested her elder brother haughtily. "*I'm* going to be the missionary from this house." Seeing the look of distress which his remarks had flung across his sister's countenance, the little fellow added in a generous tone, "It'll be perfectly all right for you to come and help me, though, if you're real good. I'll let you sit up in the pulpit right beside me."

The two youthful daydreamers were little Robert

and Mary Slessor, children of a shoemaker who lived in Aberdeen, Scotland, about the middle of the nineteenth century. Their mother was a brave Christian woman, deeply interested in missionary work. She wished more than anything else that at least one of her children would someday carry the gospel story to people in a faraway land. When she heard the childish prattle of these two little ones she smiled, and in her heart she prayed that if it pleased God her little Robert might indeed become such a man as he now aspired to be. But God chose to call Robert to himself not long afterwards.

Now Mary became the eldest child in the family, and a very dependable child was she. There were few toys in the plain home, but Mary found more enjoyment playing with her baby brother and sisters as they came, one by one, than with make-believe doll babies. She could care for them and dress them and hush them to sleep like a little mother. Sometimes when the younger children did not need her care she would play at teaching school. All alone in a corner of the room she would sit, talking to the imaginary children in her schoolroom. Her mother, overhearing her remarks, would know that Mary was still thinking about helping the bush children in faraway Africa.

Although Mary's mother was a sincere Christian, her father was not. He kept company with men

who cared more for strong drink than they did for their own good. And as a result, he began to spend the most of his earnings for drink. Often on Saturday nights he would come home with his pockets empty and with his mind crazed by whisky. Then he would be cruel to the family, and Mary would have to rush out of doors to hide until he would go to sleep.

In his better moods Mary's father was ashamed of his weakness, and he decided to move away from Aberdeen, leaving his old friends in the hope that he might get away from the temptation to indulge in drink. He left his shop in the city and moved his family to the busy, smoky town of Dundee, on the River Tay. Here there were many large mills and factories, and the streets climbed right over the tops of steep hills overlooking the countryside. Sometimes Mary would take the children for long walks, and they would climb the hilltops and gaze on the green fields lying along the river. Sometimes when the tide came in they would go down to the riverbank to breathe the fresh smell of the sea.

Sad to say, Mary's father did not leave his bad habits behind when he moved away from Aberdeen. Soon he was behaving himself as unmanfully as before, and his wife was compelled to go to work in one of the mills in order to earn money to buy food and clothes for the children. Now Mary

was left to do the housework and care for the little ones. She did not mind these tasks, for always she had been her mother's cheerful helper; but she did mind the dark shadow which her father's conduct cast over their shabby home—she minded that very, very much.

By the time Mary was eleven years old her father had become a hopeless drunkard, and her mother could not always earn enough money to provide for the family needs. Mary also went to work in the mills. There was no law against child labor to forbid her taking a place among the other children who toiled long hours in factories. At first she was allowed to work only half a day. The other half she was sent to school at the factory, where the working girls were taught to read and write and count.

Mary was glad for the privilege of going to school. She was eager to learn how to read and write, but she did not like numbers. They seemed to dance before her eyes and get themselves all mixed up as she tried to work simple problems on the blackboard. Long years afterwards when she taught the bush children in Africa she felt sorry for the ones who were dull in mathematics. She remembered how confusing the numbers used to look to her when she was a child, and she was patient with her black pupils.

Although Mary found her arithmetic lessons

hard to learn, she was clever with her fingers and soon knew all about weaving. Then her name was placed on the big pay roll at the factory and she became a wage earner. How pleased she felt when she ran home with her first week's earnings! She laid the money in her mother's lap and danced up and down in glee. To her surprise, she saw tears roll down her mother's faded cheeks, just as if it hurt her to take that money and use it.

A few years later Mary was working at a large machine and receiving a good wage. She was spending long, tiresome hours at her work, waking each morning when the factory whistles blew at five o'clock, and taking her place in the factory, ready to begin the day's work, at six. She would keep the machine going until six o'clock in the evening, having only two hours off for lunch periods during the day. In summer she often carried her lunch and ate it in the factory. Then she would go out for a walk in the park, to get away from the noise of buzzing machines and whirling belts.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays Mary did not work in the factory. She always found plenty to do at home to help her tired mother get ready for Sunday, and when Sunday came she was never too tired to take her brother and sisters to Sunday school. Through her mother's careful training she had formed the habit of attending Sunday school

before she began to work at the factory, and because it was a good habit she always kept it up. She gave her heart to Jesus when she was quite young, and there came into her heart a great desire to learn more and more about his loving ways. She studied her Bible lessons very carefully, and the teacher always knew that Mary would be able to answer every question correctly.

As Mary grew older she thought often of her childhood's longing to become a missionary. This longing kept growing up, too! But she knew that now her mother hoped to educate her brother John for the ministry. "John will be our missionary, now that Robert has gone to heaven," she had often heard her mother say. Mary understood how much her mother needed her earnings at the factory, for she was the breadwinner for the family now. She worked on quietly and asked God to help her find some work to do for him at home.

The church where Mary attended services was built over shops and looked down on streets and lanes which were filled at night with big boys and girls who had no Christian training. They were rude and wicked, and Mary longed to find some way to interest them in right conduct. She wanted to lead them to Jesus, but they refused to attend church and pretended to care nothing about God. A mission was opened on a side street, and Mary believed that these young people might be

persuaded to attend services there. So she asked the superintendent of the mission if she might have a class in his school. She looked so small and frail that the superintendent feared the work would be too hard for her. He knew the young people would be hard to reach and difficult to influence aright. But when he saw the eager longing in Mary's eyes to work for God he consented to let her begin there.

Mary had no easy time trying to start her class. The young people insisted that they did not want anybody to bother about them, and many refused to come. Some who attended were wild and noisy and almost unmanageable. Rowdy gangs would gather outside the building and throw stones and mud against the walls, trying to discourage the faithful Christian workers. Mary refused to be discouraged. Although she suffered unkind treatment from the rough crowd, she never acted frightened or angry. When they saw she was no coward, they quit bothering her and began to follow her to the mission and take their places in her class. They even grew fond of her and tried in their awkward manner to help her.

Feeling that she needed to know more about the young people in her class, Mary visited in their homes. She found that they lived in the slums, in wretched places, but she paid no attention to the untidiness and filth. She talked with their mothers,

took the dirty babies on her knees, and acted so friendly and willing to help that soon she won her way into the hearts of these unfortunate people. They were ready to listen to her teachings, and some of them tried to do better.

During these years Mary's brother John grew tall and taller, but he was a frail lad. The doctor shook his head and said that John could not live much longer in the cold climate of Scotland. They sent him away to New Zealand, hoping the change would do him good, but soon after arriving there he died. Thus his mother's fond hopes of a missionary son were never fulfilled, and her disappointment was very bitter.

One day while Mary was grieving over the loss of her brother, whom she loved devotedly, the thought flashed into her mind that now, after all, she would have to be the missionary from that family. Both Robert and John were gone, and there were no more boys for her mother to offer to God. Now the missionary would have to be a daughter. The thought came again and again, "Perhaps you are the one whom God has chosen to carry the story of Jesus to the bush children in Africa."

Mary knew she was uneducated and that she could not stop her work to go to school. She knew, too, that her mother depended very much on her, and she wonderd how the family could get along

if she should leave them. But she believed that if God really wanted her to go as a missionary he would help her find a way to overcome these difficulties. Then she began to study harder than ever. She would borrow good books, or buy them, and slip one into her pocket to take along when she went to work. Often she propped a book open on a corner of the loom, where she could read a few lines whenever she had a minute to spare. Thus by the greatest effort she added to her store of learning day by day.

But we must not think that Mary slighted her work. She was one of the cleverest weavers at the factory, and by working fast she found that she could increase her pay check. Then she laid aside more money each week in a savings account for the needs of the family if she should go away. On Sundays she took advantage of opportunities to speak in public services until she learned how to put her thoughts together in clear and simple words.

Thus the days, weeks, months, and years passed by while Mary was preparing to become a missionary. For fourteen years she toiled as a factory worker, working hard and waiting patiently for her call to a foreign land. Then one day the sad news came to Scotland that Dr. David Livingstone, the great missionary hero, had died in Africa. "Send another volunteer to take up the work he

laid down," came the call from the mission fields in that faraway country. Mary felt in her heart that God wanted her to answer that call.

Mary's mother was glad to give this consecrated daughter to work for God in Africa. "You'll make a fine missionary," she said, smiling into Mary's wistful face, "and I'm sure God will be with you." Then it was easy for Mary to bid her loved ones good-by and sail away.

At first Mary went to Calabar, not far inland on the west coast of Africa. Efik is the principal language used in that part of the continent, and Mary's first task was to learn it. She studied hard, and in a short time was able to converse with the natives. This surprized her fellow teachers and pleased the natives. They said of her that she was "blessed with an Efik mouth." Then her old, old dream came true, for she began to teach black boys and girls in the day school.

Mary loved every one of the children and was disappointed because there were so few in her school. She found out that the African chiefs did not believe in educating children and that was the reason why only a few came to be taught. At first she laughed to see the children carry their slates on their heads and their pencils in their woolly hair. She found that some of them were mischievous, fun-loving children, just the same as the boys and girls in her own homeland. Sometimes

she went out to the rude lodgings, called the yards, where they lived, and talked to their fathers and mothers about the love of Jesus.

At first Africa seemed like a wonderland to Mary, for its beautiful scenery thrilled her through and through. She had spent so many of her waking hours shut up within factory walls, that now her eyes feasted on the forest green and the gorgeous colorings which Nature cast about here and there. But when Mary saw the terrible condition of the ignorant, superstitious people who lived there she thought less of the beauty and more of the sorrow which surrounded her. She longed to do more to help the people find the way to God.

Mary spent several years at the first station in Calabàr, getting acquainted with Africa's people and their need. Then she went to another station farther up the river to become a "real missionary." She had more work to do, but now she could do as she pleased. She lived in a hut built of mud and slips of bamboo, with a roof of palm leaves. A "sure-enough" African house, it was. She wore old clothes and ate the food of the natives, which was cheap. In this way she saved up quite a bit of her salary, and that money she sent back to her widowed mother in Scotland. The natives respected her and were pleased to have her live among them. By and by they listened to her when she objected

to their wicked customs, and some of them began to do better.

One of the evil practices of the Africans which grieved Mary's heart was the killing of twin babies. Her mother had told stories about this evil practice when Mary was only a child. Now she saw that the Africans were really afraid of twins. She resolved to show them how foolish their superstition was, so one day she took a twin baby that had been thrown away into the bush to die. A little black baby girl it was, and she named it Janie. The natives looked on in horror, and would not come near the child. They expected something dreadful to happen to Mary because she took the twin; but nothing happened. Whenever she heard of twin babies who had been thrown away she hurried out to find them. Many of them died before she could save them. Others she saved, and after a while her hut swarmed with little tots whom nobody else loved. They had a happy home with her and grew to love her dearly.

Mary often talked to the grownups about the "Jesus way." They would gather in groups about her and listen very closely while she explained to them the words of God. They began to call her "the Ma who loves babies." Sometimes they called her Ma *Akamba,* which means "The Great Ma." By and by they respected her so much that even

grown men and women began to mind her like children.

When the natives began to quit their evil ways and try to worship the true God Mary sent for other missionaries to come to teach them. Then she gathered her few belongings together, packed them into boxes, and piled them into a boat on the river. Taking the children, she rowed upstream into another district where the story of Jesus had never been told. Here she built another African house and set up housekeeping, and little by little she won the respect and confidence and love of her new neighbors. Over and over Mary endured the hardships of such beginnings, sometimes going into districts where she did not receive a welcome. "We do not want to change our ways; we do not want your teaching," the chiefs would say, frowning at her. Then her friends would plead for her not to go and risk her life among those dark-minded people. But Mary loved best the work of a pioneer missionary, and on and on she would go, carrying the gospel of Jesus.

She had such a strong influence over the natives that the British government appointed her consul of the district in which she lived. Dr. Livingstone had held this same government position while he toiled in Africa, but Mary was the first woman to be thus honored by Great Britain. She refused to wear a blue cap with a gold band to show that she

was a British consul. "It is enough," she would say, "that the natives know and that they respect my decisions in court."

Mary spent thirty-four years of hard work as a missionary. Many of her friends in that dark land called her "The White Queen," but the natives called her by the more endearing term of "Our Mother." The boys and girls whom she saved from cruel death in the bush grew up into Christian men and women, to love and care for her when she became old. From her little mud hut she answered the death call, and went to rest in the beautiful place which Jesus made ready for her in his Father's house above.

Story II

THE GIRL WHO FOUGHT HER WAY THROUGH DARKNESS AND SILENCE TO FAME

Day after day, year after year, a wee girlie groped her way through the sunny rooms and wide halls of her beautiful Southern home, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but feeling the deepest emotions, which she did not know how to express. No wonder that sometimes she threw herself upon the floor in a fit of rage, crying bitterly because she could not make herself understood. For everywhere there was darkness, and, oh, such painful silence; because little Helen Keller was deaf and blind.

Little Helen had not always been so. As a baby she had been a normal child, healthy and happy. Born on June 27, 1880, she had for nineteen months grown dearer and dearer to her parents. Then a terrible illness had come, when it seemed for a while that she could not live. Afterwards, when the fever had spent itself, baby Helen no longer saw the sweet face of her mother bending over the crib and smoothing her pillow. She no longer heard her mother's soft, musical voice, nor the foot-

steps of her anxious father entering the room. Her sight and hearing had been destroyed by the terrible suffering, and she was left blind and deaf.

Helen's parents were very unhappy when they discovered the sad condition of their darling child. They took her first to one doctor, then to another, for examination. And all the doctors said the same thing: baby Helen would never see nor hear again. They brought her back to their beautiful home in Tuscumbia, Alabama, to care for her as tenderly as they knew how. Under their loving care her little body soon regained its strength, but her eyes never again registered light nor her ears a sound.

When Helen began to walk she learned to grope her way carefully from one room to another. She learned that there is an indoors and an outdoors. She learned how to distinguish objects by touch, but she did not know that each object had a name. In her dark, silent world she discovered strange things every day, and her wonder grew about the meaning of things. For she possessed the natural curiosity of a child who is always asking questions. But she could ask no questions, for she had no language with which to express her desire to learn. No wonder that sometimes her restless little mind, searching after understanding, rebelled in its dark, silent prison where no light and so little understanding could find its way. No wonder that

often she wept bitterly when she failed to make her wants known.

Even in her dark, silent world Helen found some things which she could enjoy. There were the fragrant roses which hung in clusters from the trellis near the porch. She could feel their soft petals, and smell their delicious sweetness. There were the honeysuckles and the jessamine which bloomed in the lovely garden. How she loved the fragrance of these flowers!

As she grew older sometimes she wandered about the premises with Belle, the faithful watch-dog. Sometimes she followed along with little Martha Washington, the child of the colored cook, to search for the guinea fowl's nest in the long grass. And when the evening breeze gently fanned her cheeks she felt almost happy.

Helen learned how to amuse herself playing with dolls, much as other little girls do. She could pick out her favorite doll from among the others, and care for it with the affection of a little mother. Sometimes, however, she would vent her displeasure upon it with the cruelty of a tyrant.

One day when Helen was six years old a kind doctor advised her parents to see the famous inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, whose interest in deaf persons led him on to discover the possibility of sending sound over a wire. Dr. Bell urged them to write to the Perkins Institution for the Blind,

in Boston, where years before another deaf and blind girl had been educated. Then, with hopeful hearts, Mr. and Mrs. Keller looked forward to the coming of Helen's first teacher.

Miss Sullivan arrived on the third day of March, 1887. She brought with her a new rag doll, which Laura Bridgman, the educated deaf and blind girl, had dressed. In Helen's world everybody was kind. And the new teacher was like everybody else. Helen began her lessons without realizing that another world was opening its door to admit her across its threshold; a world of wonder, with meanings which she would understand; a world of words, of names, of books, and of hard study.

Miss Sullivan began by placing the new doll in Helen's arms, and then by slowly spelling the word "d-o-l-l" into her pupil's hand. Over and over she did this, and Helen thought it was great fun. She learned how to spell the letters slowly, just as the teacher had done. She thought it was finger play. She did not understand that "d-o-l-l" spelled a word which was the name of the object she held in her arms.

A month passed by before the meaning of the finger game flashed into Helen's mind. Then one day she stood with her teacher at the pump and felt the cool water run over her hand. Miss Sullivan spelled "w-a-t-e-r" into her hand just as she had spelled "doll." And all at once Helen realized that

"w-a-t-e-r" was somehow connected with the refreshing substance gushing so freely from the pump. A new light came into her face. Now she understood that everything had a name, and she set out eagerly to learn. The ground, the pump, the trellis—three things with which she had been so long familiar, these she pointed to first. And one by one she learned how to spell them, too.

Suddenly she turned to Miss Sullivan, this marvelous person who was leading her across the threshold into a world of intelligent meaning, and begged to know her name. "T-e-a-c-h-e-r," slowly spelled Miss Sullivan into the little outstretched hand. Then, hand in hand with her teacher, she wandered about the place, eagerly asking for names of other things. In a few hours she learned thirty words.

What an excited, happy little girl was Helen when she flung herself into her mother's arms that day and made known the fact that she was learning the meaning of things! Every new day meant new words, and soon she was putting words together into short sentences. Now she was playing with slips of cardboard on which were raised letters. These she would arrange together in words. By and by she would put the words together into sentences. All the while she believed she was playing a wonderful game.

At the end of the summer Helen knew more

than six hundred words and could use them correctly. There were the puppies in the pump house with the mother dog. First she learned their names. There were calves and a colt in the barnyard, and there was a pen full of funny little pigs. Helen could not hear them squeal when Miss Sullivan held them in her arms, but she could feel their squirming little bodies, and she learned that they were baby pigs. She remembered the baby chicks which had pecked their way through eggshells while she felt the vibrations with her fingers, and now she asked, "Did baby pig grow in shell?"

By and by Helen learned how to write in raised letters made for the blind, but many of her lessons she still studied in the out-of-doors. Her first geography lesson she learned down by the river, where she heaped piles of sand for mountains, dug winding waterways and lakes, built dams of pebbles, and had all kinds of fun. Her nature-study lessons she learned in the woods where she examined wild flowers and learned about growing things in the vegetable kingdom. What a patient teacher Miss Sullivan was! And what an eager student was little Helen Keller!

When Helen was nearly eight years old, Miss Sullivan believed she was ready to begin studying her lessons in a schoolroom with other children. Then she took her to Boston, to the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Here Helen was delighted to

find little girls and boys who could talk to her in the language of the hand. Also, she found books in the library that were printed in raised type like the letters which Miss Sullivan had taught her to read on slips of cardboard. Soon she was beginning to read these books, one after another, and enjoying every one of them.

When Helen was ready for her first lesson in history Miss Sullivan took her to Bunker Hill, where she climbed the monument, counting every step. Then she took her for a ride in a steamboat to Plymouth, where she learned about the Pilgrims. She was delighted with the ocean, and during vacation she spent many happy hours playing along the beach. One of her first questions there was: "Who put salt in the water?"

As Helen grew older she was not satisfied to speak only with her hands. She knew by feeling the motion of the lips and throat that many people did not use the language of the deaf when expressing their thoughts to each other. She wanted to be able to speak as they did. When she heard of a deaf girl who had learned how to speak she determined to learn too. Miss Sullivan took her to another teacher in Boston, who gave her eleven lessons. These were the most difficult lessons that ten-year-old Helen had yet undertaken, but during the first one she learned the six elements of speech, M, P, A, S, T, I. At first she spoke very indistinctly,

for she could not hear the sound of her own voice. Often she felt discouraged, but she continued to practice constantly. She talked to everybody and to everything. Her dolls, her books, her pets, and even the birds came in for their share of her conversation. Because of her constant practice and earnest effort to improve, by and by others besides her teachers were able to understand her words.

Then Helen's first thought was to hurry home and speak to her dear parents. She could hardly wait for the train to stop at the little station in Tuscumbia, where her parents and little sister were waiting to welcome her arrival. The first sentence which she learned to speak was, "I am not dumb now!" Over and over she had repeated those words until she could speak them plainly.

When Helen was twelve years old she wrote a short story of her life, which was published in the *Youth's Companion*. The following year she visited Niagara Falls and went to the World's Fair. Although she could not see the mighty cataract nor hear its roar, she could feel the air vibrate and the earth tremble. At the World's Fair she was permitted to touch the exhibits and to "see them with her fingers." Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who went with her, and Miss Sullivan, enjoyed watching her face light up with pleasure as she examined telephones, phonographs, and treasures from all the world. Perhaps no one at the Fair

enjoyed the exhibits any more than did deaf and blind Helen Keller.

Everyone marveled when they heard that a deaf, dumb, and blind girl had learned how to speak distinctly. They marveled again when, six years later, they heard that she entered the Cambridge School for young women, to prepare herself for college. Already she had studied Latin, French, and German, taking Miss Sullivan to classes to spell the teachers' lessons in her hand. She had studied lip reading and voice culture, arithmetic, and physical geography. Now she refused to be satisfied with less than a complete college education, taking the regular courses required of other students.

With such remarkable will power Helen was bound to succeed. Miss Sullivan continued to help her where textbooks were not available in raised type, and Helen used her typewriter to prepare the required written work. Thus she struggled through her college years, sometimes discouraged, but never ready to quit. In 1904 she graduated from Radcliffe College, having completed the required course in four years' study. Without the aid of eyes and ears this bravehearted girl had accomplished the same work as had the other graduates who could see and hear.

Helen's next ambition was to make herself useful in the world. She thought of the many blind people in her country who have never been trained to

become self-supporting. She knew what drab, lonely lives they must live in the dark, with the beautiful things of life shut out from them. She began to urge that they be given an industrial education. She became a member of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind and served on several advisory boards for the blind and deaf. She wrote books on her experiences and on the educational possibilities of the blind and deaf.

For years Helen Keller has been lecturing before the public in the interests of the blind and deaf. What a marvel it is to listen to this woman speak, who does not know the sound of a human voice! And what an example of courage and wholesome good cheer she is to the rest of the human family, who cannot realize how great have been her struggles through darkness and silence to mount the heights of fame!

Story III

THE GIRL PAINTER WHO GREW FAMOUS

Did you ever try to eat when every swallow nearly choked you? Then you understand how shy little Rosa Bonheur must have felt every time she sat down to eat her meals in the Fauborg St. Antoine School. There she was surrounded by girl companions who wore gay clothing and ate from silver mugs. Rosa's dress was calico, her shoes were coarse, and her mug was a tin cup. Moreover, she ate with an iron spoon!

Much as sensitive Rosa resented the fact that she was the daughter of a poor man, even more she resented the fact that she was being compelled to attend school. What did she care about a gloomy dormitory, stuffy classrooms, and dry books when the great out-of-doors was calling, calling, and her heart was tugging to answer that call! No wonder the roses faded from her cheeks and the sparkle from her eyes, for she felt like a prisoner shut up in a dungeon. She grew so listless that she came no longer to eat her meals, and soon afterwards she fell ill.

"Whatever shall I do with poor little Rosa?" pondered her father sadly, as he brought her home

to get well. This was not the first time Rosa had failed him as a student. When her mother had died a few years before he had sent Rosa and her two brothers to live with a kind woman who cared for them and sent them to day school. But Rosa did not always follow the path that led into the schoolroom. When the sun shone bright and the out-of-doors seemed to be calling to her, sometimes she slipped off into the woods to play. She would return with her arms full of daisies and marigolds and her heart full of joy. She did not mean to be a truant. She had gone to study in Nature's schoolroom the kind of lessons which she loved the best. There were plants, flowers, insects, and colors, colors, colors. With a true artist instinct she appreciated these lessons and studied them. But the kind woman who cared for her did not understand. She felt unhappy because little Rosa refused to attend school regularly.

This went on for some time. Then Rosa's father, Monsieur Bonheur, decided that if she refused to study in the schoolroom she must learn needlecraft. Rosa had never shown the slightest interest in making clothes for her dolls, but her father supposed that such instruction was necessary in the proper education of his motherless child. He placed her in a sewing establishment, hoping that she might learn how to become a seamstress. And Rosa hated seams! She could see nothing beautiful

in the stitches which her faithful instructors tried to teach. Besides, the needle pricked her fingers and made them bleed. All the while Rosa bent tearfully above her hateful lessons she felt that her heart was bleeding, too! Only a short time did she remain in that school until she fell sick and had to be sent home.

All this had happened before Rosa had been sent to the Fauborg St. Antoine School. And now for the third time she had failed her father as a student. Perplexed and disappointed, he decided to allow her to choose her own lessons. And what was his great surprize to find that she chose to copy whatever she saw him do in his studio—for he was an artist. Sometimes she made drawings, sometimes she busied herself with modelings, her clever fingers fashioning each bit of work with remarkable skill; and now she sang as she worked from morning until night. The roses blushed again on her cheeks and the merry sparkle danced again in her eyes. She was as happy as could be.

"If my daughter chooses to become an artist," thought Monsieur Bonheur as he watched her at work, "I will teach her everything I know about art." With this resolution he began in earnest to show her how to do her work correctly. For years he had been giving drawing lessons in schools where he was poorly paid. Although a talented painter, he had no time to devote to his beloved

work, for he had to teach in order to earn enough money to supply the necessities of his motherless family. Now he cheerfully gave his spare time to teach Rosa how to make correct drawings.

Rosa never tired of her father's corrections and instructions. She learned how to do her work so accurately that her father sent her to a famous studio near by to copy the works of old masters. With a happy heart she set out on this undertaking, and day after day she labored at her easel with her paints and brushes. So interested was she that she paid no attention to anything that was going on around her. This was the great work which she had longed to do all through her misunderstood childhood, and to her it seemed as play. She was often tired after spending a long day in the famous studio, but she was never unhappy. Now she did not care that her dress was only a plain, cheap frock and that her shoes were coarse. She did not mind having to eat her meals from a tin cup with an iron spoon. The director of the Louvre, where she spent those busy days, said of her that he had never seen such an example of diligent application and such intense interest shown in one's work.

One day Rosa glanced up from her easel and saw an elderly gentleman standing near, looking intently at her copy. When he saw that she had raised her head, he spoke to her. "My child," said he, "your copy is superb, faultless. Persevere as you

have begun, and I prophesy that you will become a great artist." Then he passed on, but Rosa did not forget his words. They reminded her of the time when she used to sit among the daughters of rich men and feel herself so very poor indeed. Then she had determined to become famous someday and earn a place for herself among the very best people. "If that old man is correct in his prophesying," mused Rosa happily, as she hurried home from her day's work, "I shall be able to carry out my childhood determination."

When Rosa finished her copies of the old masters she placed the paintings on the market, and one by one she sold them. Although she received only a small sum for this work she was glad to be able to earn a little money to help her struggling father. She felt encouraged to keep on trying to become a famous painter. Landscape or historical paintings, or even rural scenes, she could reproduce upon the canvas with equal skill, and she loved them alike. But one day when she happened to paint a goat she was so pleased with the result that she decided to become a specialist in painting animals.

Rosa was now seventeen, and her father was still a poor man. He could not afford to furnish live models for her to use in this work; therefore, she decided to overcome this handicap by going out into the country where live models could be found

on the farms, grazing in the pastures, or laboring in the fields. Shouldering her easel and other necessary equipment, and tucking a piece of bread into her pocket for lunch, she tramped for miles over the countryside in search of the objects which she wished to paint. Back and forth morning and evening she went, often dust-covered and weary, and occasionally returning home at night drenched with rain and overburdened with mud clinging to her heavy shoes. Still the urge of the artist instinct within her heart would prompt her to struggle on in spite of these difficulties, for she knew that success in any work cannot be won without earnest effort.

There were other unpleasant features about Rosa's work which she needed to struggle through in order to understand her task thoroughly. The time might come when she would need to paint an animal scene of death agony on the canvas. Dearly as she loved animals, and much as she shrank from the sight of suffering, she felt that she must be prepared to depict such a scene with her paint and brushes. She went to the slaughter pens, set up her easel, and calmly and courageously worked while the butchers killed cattle and sheep for the market. Because of her quiet dignity and careful attention to her task she was highly respected by those rough men. Sometimes they would come near and watch her, wondering at her skill,

but never did they trouble her in any way at all.

For a while Rosa's home was on the top floor of a six-story tenement house, and the family had the privilege of using the roof. There was no elevator to carry things up, but Rosa planned a sort of roof garden, where she had honeysuckles, sweet peas, and nasturtiums. To the middle of this gay little garden in the sky one day they brought a pet sheep with long, silky wool. Climbing up and down six flights of stairs is tiresome work in itself, but Rosa's younger brother often took the pet sheep on his back and carried it down to the ground where it could graze on the tender grass. Then he would carry it back again to its garden home in the sky.

At the age of nineteen Rosa sent two pictures to the Fine Arts Exhibition, where they would be judged by the critics. Both the pictures were good and attracted the attention of the public. The next year she sent three pictures, which were received even better than the others had been. And a few years later she exhibited twelve pictures at the Exhibition, some from her father and brother, as well as her own. By this time the critics were praising her work, for they recognized that she had the talent of a genius.

The praise of critics inspired Rosa to work harder than ever. Now she tried to do better than her best. She toiled on diligently and several years later she presented a beautiful picture, called "Cantal

Oxen," for which she received the gold medal. This picture was purchased by England, and Rosa was everywhere praised and honored as a great artist. Her father, too, shared in her honors, for he had been her instructor. At once he was made director of a government school of design for girls. No longer did he need to struggle with poverty, for the promise of plenty came with his daughter's well-earned fame. His sons and daughters, now grown to maturity, were all sharers in his love of art, and happily at work. He realized at last that his years of toil and sacrifice had not been spent in vain, and in the joy of his daughter's popularity he seemed to grow young again.

Rosa did not cease working hard when she had won for herself a place of honor among the artists of France. Although she had hoped to become famous, she had sought rather than fame the satisfaction which comes from giving to the world one's very best effort. Always she thought when viewing her latest painting, "I may be able to excel this." Now orders for paintings came pouring in, and she continued to work as diligently as when she had been unknown and poor. For eighteen months she studied to paint a beautiful picture called "Horse Fair," and when at last the picture was finished and placed on exhibition, the critics pronounced it to be her masterpiece. A wealthy

English gentleman, seeing the picture, considered it valuable enough to pay $8,000 for it.

After the appearance and sale of this work of art, picture lovers on both sides of the Atlantic marveled at the rare skill of this young French artist. "She rightly deserves to be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor," declared some of her enthusiastic admirers. This badge of distinction which France confers upon her most worthy citizens had never been given to a woman, and Napoleon, fearing lest he would be criticized for thus honoring a woman, hesitated to present it to Rosa Bonheur. During his absence from Paris, while the empress was acting as regent in his stead, she visited the studio of the famous girl artist one day and pinned the badge on her blouse.

Rosa continued to dress simply and to work hard after she became famous and wealthy. She appreciated the comforts of a good home, but she did not care for a life of ease. She gave away much of her income and was always ready to help raise funds to assist struggling artists. Of herself she said, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have studied Nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. I felt within me the power to paint; I cultivated it, and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges."

Rosa lived through the exciting days of the great war when Prussia conquered France, and her beautiful chateau lay in the path of the conquering army. But so great was the world's respect for her that the enemy did not molest any of her possessions. Rich and poor alike honored the great woman, who went quietly about her beloved tasks and never felt herself superior to the humblest peasant. At the ripe age of seventy-seven, Rosa Bonheur died, May 25, 1899, leaving to the world a wealth of beautiful paintings to keep alive her memory.

Story IV

THE GIRL WHOSE SONGS RESOUND AROUND THE WORLD

"Aunt Fanny," called a cheery voice, "here comes the postman with a letter for you!"

"Where is it from?" asked the dear old lady, never stopping her knitting to adjust her spectacles, for she knew she could not read it.

"It bears a foreign postmark—England, I believe."

"Then by all means read it at once," urged Aunt Fanny, leaning forward in her low rocking chair. For the moment she dropped her knitting, so eager was she to hear who had sent her this message from across the sea.

"Oh, it's a poem, a long poem," exclaimed her friend, as soon as she had torn open the envelope and unfolded its contents, "from that wonderful Christian woman in England, Frances Ridley Havergal."

The poem began thus:

Sweet blind singer over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant; how can it be,
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
As if they fell from the evening star,
Are the notes of one who never may see?

And while it was being read the old lady sat very still in her low rocking chair, smiling happily. She felt pleased to hear how much her songs were being appreciated and sung in England.

Fanny Jane Crosby, the hymn writer, was blind. She had been blind ever since she was a tiny baby, only a few weeks old. In spite of this affliction she had grown up to become one of the most cheerful, lovable, and noble Christians, and she wrote some of the most beautiful hymns that the world has ever sung. How did she do it? Perhaps we can answer that question when we read the story of her life.

The low, rural cottage in which Fanny Jane Crosby was born March 24, 1820, stood near the bank of a gay little brook that rambled through Putnam County, New York. Fanny's parents were poor, although they and their ancestors were numbered among the brave New England families who helped to make America great. Fanny could not remember her father, for he died before she was a year old. Then her grandmother, a dear Christian woman, came to live in the little cottage and care for the blind baby while her mother was at work.

As baby Fan grew older she often sat on her grandmother's knee, listening to stories about the great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world in which she lived. For Grandmother knew Fan could never

see the beauties of nature with her eyes, and she wanted the child to begin early to see them with her imagination. She wanted to train little Fan to think about the word pictures which she tried to paint so patiently, day after day.

And so it was through Grandmother's stories that Fanny caught her first idea of the glorious sunrise and sunset pictures which are flung upon the sky canvas for us to view. She learned about the twinkling stars which shine so bravely through the long, dark nights, and about the silvery moon which rides around the earth with never a stop. She learned about the clouds with their various shapes and colors—the fleecy white summer clouds, the murky rain clouds, and the dark storm clouds. She learned about the beautiful rainbow, too, which God placed in the sky as a bow of promise to mankind.

From Grandmother, Fanny also learned about the little feathered songsters that came every springtime to nest in the shade trees near by. Together they would listen to the birds sing, and then Grandmother would explain how each bird looked. Soon Fanny learned how to recognize each bird by its song. "Oh, there is a meadow lark!" she would shout, just as happy as if she could see him balancing himself on the slender twig. One day Fanny heard an unfamiliar bird call down in the

meadow. "Grandmother," she cried excitedly, "come and listen! A new bird is here."

"He is saying, 'Whippoorwill!'" exclaimed Grandmother, "and that is how he got his name." Then she told little Fan that he had mottled wings and a reddish brown breast and a white, bristled tail. Thus one at a time Fanny came to know the mockingbird, the redheaded woodpecker, the robin, the red-winged blackbird, the song sparrow, the meadow lark, the goldfinch, the yellow warbler, and the wren. How many little girls with two good eyes can describe each of these birds?

In pleasant weather Grandmother often took Fanny for long walks over the hills and through shady lanes. Sometimes they stopped to examine gay wild flowers, and in the springtime they spent happy hours picking violets down by the brook or gathering bouquets of apple, cherry, and peach blossoms in the orchard. Fanny examined every kind of blossom carefully while Grandmother told its name and described its color.

When Fanny grew old enough to romp and play she learned how to find her way alone through the grassy meadow. She learned how to ride horseback, how to climb rail fences, and even how to walk the top rail! One day her mother brought home from the pasture a shivering little lamb. Fanny had been wishing for a pet, so she begged to have the lamb for her very own. "I cannot give

it to you to keep always," said her mother, "but you may care for it and play with it until it grows up." Then she told Fanny the rhyme story about "Mary's Little Lamb." This story pleased Fanny, and she too, soon trained her pet to follow her wherever she went. What lively frolics they had out in the meadow! When the pet lamb grew up to be a sheep, then it was too valuable to keep any longer, so it had to be sold. Then a very lonely little girl went to bed one night and cried herself to sleep!

Fanny did not waste much time shedding tears. She soon found other things to play with. When only eight years old she wrote these lines:

Oh, what a happy soul am I!
  Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
  Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy
  That other people don't;
To weep and sigh because I'm blind
  I cannot, and I won't!

We see that Fanny began to make rhymes when she was a very little girl. She loved the musical rhythm of poetry. One day her mother told her that some of the world's greatest poets were blind. She read to Fanny the lines which Milton wrote on his blindness, and Fanny learned to repeat them from memory.

Because Fanny's mother was often very busy, her

grandmother continued to be her most constant teacher. From Grandmother she learned much about the love of the heavenly Father. With Grandmother's assistance she memorized long portions of Scripture. "Child, you will never be able to take the Book from the shelf and read it, as I do," Grandmother would say, "but you can store much of it in your bright mind, and then it will be with you wherever you go." With this encouragement Fanny studied until she could repeat from memory many of the Psalms, the Proverbs of Solomon, the Book of Ruth, and much of the New Testament. The stories of the Old Testament she knew word for word. All through her lifetime she prized these memory treasures which her dear old grandmother had helped her to store away. One day she wrote these lines about the Bible:

O Book, that with reverence I honor,
What joy in thy pages I see!
O Book of my childhood devotion,
More precious than rubies to me.

"How splendid it would be," thought Fanny one day, "if I could read for myself!" But there was no school for the blind near her home, and the expense of sending her away to school was more than her mother could afford. Fanny continued to learn from hearing others read and explain the meaning of things which she could not see. However, the desire to study in a school for the blind grew

stronger in Fanny's heart every day, and she began to talk to the heavenly Father in prayer about this desire. She believed he could help her mother find a way to send her to school.

Fanny did not grow discouraged and quit praying when her prayer was not answered at once. She kept right on reminding her heavenly Father of this desire to learn more than could be taught to her at home. Then one glad morning her mother said, "Fanny, we shall begin preparations today to send you to the Institution for the Blind in New York City."

"Thank God, he has answered my prayer!" exclaimed Fanny, clapping her hands for joy.

Schooldays brought new experiences to the sightless girl. She had never been alone among strangers before, and we may be sure that at first she felt homesick. The unfamiliar rooms and halls she feared to venture through in the self-confident manner of other days. Soon she became acquainted with her new surroundings, and then she felt very much at home. She enjoyed the companionship of other young people who, like herself, were searching after knowledge with unseeing eyes. She studied her lessons eagerly and drank in the beautiful poetry which her teachers often read. As soon as she was able to choose her own reading she began a careful study of poetry.

At first Fanny's teachers did not encourage her

to write rhymes. They thought she spent too much time with poetry, and occasionally they would assign her other work and take the poetry from her. This made her feel very unhappy. Then one day a doctor from Boston, who came to the Institution to examine the pupils, said to Fanny's teachers: "You will do well to teach this pupil to appreciate the finest there is in poetry. Read the best books to her, and give her every possible encouragement. You will hear from this young lady someday."

Fanny was delighted. Now she knew her teachers would no longer discourage her in doing what she liked best of all to do. They would help her, rather than hinder, when she tried to write rhymes. She felt that this was the happiest moment of her school life, and she began more earnestly than ever to study and write.

Everything seemed to be going along pleasantly with Fanny now. Her classmates were saying flattering things about her poems, and words of commendation were coming from other people, too. Fanny was feeling very well pleased with herself when one day a teacher asked her to remain after class. She felt sure that he was going to say something good about her poems, as everyone else was doing. To her surprise, he began to talk to her about the harm which sometimes results from receiving too much flattery. He kindly showed her that her poems were weak in some places, and

that they could not honestly be ranked with the best poetry. Fanny listened quietly, feeling very much ashamed. When he finished, she thanked him heartily, through her tears and resolved to profit by his reproof.

For twelve years Fanny studied in the Institution, spending much time with music, art, and literature. Then she accepted a position as teacher in the same school, and remained eleven years longer. At once she became a favorite among her pupils, for she always encouraged them to do their best. She was cheerful and patient, and understood their struggles because she had passed through similar struggles herself.

Fanny's love for sacred music had begun when she was a very small child. She used to fancy that the birds were singing songs of praise to their Creator and that the brook which flowed past her home also sang his praise. She felt that she would like to sing words of her very own heart language, words which she had put together into rhyme. The time came when she began to write such words, and then they were set to music. Then she heard them sung by others, too, wherever she attended religious services. How her heart thrilled with joy when she heard that the world was singing her songs of praise and worship to Jehovah! Her hymns were translated into other languages and sung all around the world.

Fanny's first hymn to win world-wide favor was, "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior." Missionaries carried it across the seas and translated the words into the languages of the people among whom they labored. Thus Chinese and Japanese Christians began to sing the hymn just as enthusiastically as their brothers and sisters in America did.

One day a missionary who was on furlough in the United States called to see Fanny. He told her about a little blind girl whom he had met in Korea. "She does not write hymns," said he, "but she uses her wonderful voice to sing them for others to hear. And they call her 'little blind Fanny Crosby,' because she sings your hymns with all her heart. People come for more than a hundred miles just to hear her sing:

> 'Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
> Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.'"

We may be sure that Fanny Crosby felt very happy when she heard about the little blind singer over the sea who was using her hymns to sing the gospel story into the hearts of her fellow men.

Another of Fanny Crosby's best-loved hymns came to be written this way: Mr. Doane, a gentleman who composed sacred music, said to her one day, "I have a tune that I should like to have you write words for."

He played the melody softly, and Fanny said, "That seems to be saying, 'Safe in the arms of

Jesus.' " She hurried to her room and there she wrote the beautiful words which we sing in his hymn.

Sometimes the blind hymn writer visited missions in crowded cities and spoke to the poor people who assembled there. One hot August evening she attended the services at the Bowery Mission in New York City. Although unable to see the audience, she felt that she was addressing some young man who had been reared in a Christian home but had wandered far from its teachings. At the close of her address she said, "If there is a lad here tonight who has wandered away from his mother's teachings I should like to meet him after the service." Sure enough, a boy about eighteen years old came forward, and said, "Did you mean me?" He told her that he had promised his dying mother to meet her in heaven, but that now he was a guilty sinner, unprepared to die. Fanny talked long and earnestly with him; then they knelt to pray. She did not leave him until he knew that his sins were forgiven. After going home that night, she wrote the words of this familiar hymn:

> Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
> Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
> Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
> Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

This hymn is numbered among the five most famous of her writings which are sung in many

lands. The others are: "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine!" "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and "Saved by Grace."

One evening a traveler in the Sahara Desert heard a familiar melody floating to him from a distant campfire around which sat a group of rough-looking Bedouins. He had been dreading the prospect of spending a night in the desert among these fierce men, but when he heard their song he urged his camel along with all possible persuasion; for the men were singing one of Fanny Crosby's hymns! However rough-looking they were, he knew that they had come into contact with Christianity and that their hearts had been touched by the love of God.

Fanny Crosby lived to be ninety-four years old. In all, she wrote over eight thousand hymns. Some of them will never cease to be sung to the end of time. She died on Friday morning, February 12, 1915.

Story V

THE GIRL WHO LOOKED UP

Across the bay from the mainland of Massachusetts is a little three-cornered island called Nantucket. Its broad, sandy beaches stretch away to meet the ocean tides, while farther inland the cottages of fisherfolk dot the landscape here and there. In such a cottage, early in the nineteenth century a baby girl was born who grew up to become a distinguished citizen of the United States of America.

Maria Mitchell was the third child in a family of ten children. No wonder that she never grew lonely in her island home, with so many brothers and sisters for playmates. She never grew idle, either, when once she was big enough to help, for there were always tasks waiting for willing hands to perform, helping mother. Maria learned how to be a first-rate helper when she was still a small child.

Maria's father was respected by the neighbor fishermen because he understood how to regulate the chronometers used on all the whale ships which sailed into Nantucket harbor. These delicate instruments for measuring time were brought to him from the ships to be "rated," as it was called, and

from the time that she was a tiny girl Maria used to stand by his side and watch him do this work. Because she was quick and accurate, he used to allow her to help him when she grew older. By the time she was twelve years old she could read a chronometer as accurately as her father could.

Although Maria's father was a fisherman by trade, he was an educated man. He taught school a part of the time and became Maria's first teacher. What an excellent teacher he was! Maria was never afraid to ask questions about the parts of the lessons which she could not understand, for she knew he would explain them patiently until every cloud of misunderstanding would vanish. And how she did study! There was so much to be learned that she felt she could not lose a minute which should be spent over her lessons. No wonder her father was pleased with her and eager to teach her everything she wished to learn.

In the Mitchell home there were few possessions more highly valued than the small collection of books. As soon as Maria learned how to read she became interested in books. Very carefully she handled them, and never did she fling them aside impatiently when she was called to help with the work. None of the Mitchell children threw books around like playthings. They were taught that good books are friends, deserving kind attention and respect. Thus their schoolbooks were preserved and

used again and again by the younger members of the family. Inside the cover of one textbook—an algebra—the names of eight of the children were placed, one beneath the other, as each child advanced far enough to begin the study of algebra. In those days it was not customary for girls to study higher mathematics. However, the Mitchell girls had the same privileges as their brothers, for their father consented to teach them whatever they wished to learn. Their busy mother encouraged them to receive an education; she believed that girls as well as boys should prepare to become useful citizens of their country.

Maria's father had to devote a part of his time to the fishing industry in order to earn enough money to provide for his large family, but in whatever kind of work he engaged he was always a teacher. While out in the fishing boats with his nets he would take time to explain the laws of navigation to the children who accompanied him. He gave Maria special drill in navigation just as he did his sons. What a privileged little girl she was!

Much as Maria enjoyed studying in her father's schoolroom, or riding in his fishing boat, she found still greater delight in sharing his hobby. As far back into her early childhood as she could remember he used to spend pleasant evenings out of doors, looking through his telescope and studying the heavens. He had been interested in the

planets ever since he was a little boy, and he often studied magazines and books telling about the heavenly bodies. Then he would compare those studies with his observations through the telescope. How much he seemed to know about the stars! He enjoyed quoting to his children bits of poetry and Bible verses in which references were made to the stars or to the sky. "No astronomer," he said, "can fail to believe in God." And Maria learned when she was only a small child that the Bible contains these words: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

Although the great, wide world seemed limited in Maria's childhood to an island surrounded by an immeasurable quantity of water dotted with fishing boats, she found her greatest delight in watching the changing canopy of sky. Her father often permitted her to look through his telescope and view the heavens at night. She would hurry through with her dishwashing after the evening meal in order to join her father and share with him the joy of making astronomical observations. Later her father built a small observatory on his own land that he might better study the stars from its height.

Never would Maria forget the time when a total eclipse of the sun was seen from Nantucket. Excitement had reigned in their home that day. The

parlor window had been taken out and the big telescope had been brought into the room and placed in front of the window. Maria, only twelve years old, had been stationed beside her father, with the chronometer, to measure the time of the eclipse while he viewed it through the telescope. This was a big responsibility for a little girl, but Mr. Mitchell knew he could depend upon Maria to be accurate. So when the moon passed between the earth and the sun, casting its dark shadow over the island, Maria carefully counted the seconds of time by the light of a candle while her father made his telescopic observations. What a valuable little helper she proved to be!

Because of his interest in astronomical work and his thorough knowledge of the subject, Maria's father was asked to help in the work of the United States Coast Survey. Sometimes he wrote articles for scientific magazines and sometimes he went to Boston and gave lectures on astronomy. Thus he came to be known among the scientists, and many of them visited him in his island home. Even famous scientists from Europe, who had studied astronomy for many years, came to see Mr. Mitchell and discuss with him their favorite study. Little Maria was permitted to hear the conversations of these wise men, for her father knew that she was just as eager as he to learn every-

thing that can be learned about the faraway planets.

Schooldays ended for Maria during her middle teens, but she did not cease to study. For a while she taught school; then she accepted the position of librarian of the Nantucket Athenaeum. Because the library was open only afternoons and Saturday evenings, and few visitors came, Maria had time to continue her mathematical studies. She knew that if ever she hoped to become a first-rate astronomer she would need to understand how to untangle the knottiest mathematical problem. With the determination to succeed, she worked away year after year. When visitors came to inquire about books or to chat with her she received them kindly and entertained them with the ease of a lady of leisure, but never did she waste a minute. While she chatted with others she kept her fingers busy with the knitting which always lay conveniently near.

Many gay evenings were spent at the Mitchell home as the children grew old enough to entertain their friends, and Maria entered into their frolics as wholeheartedly as any of the others. On clear evenings she often slipped quietly out of the room before the fun ended and took her station on the roof where her father had placed his telescope. After all, this work of surveying the heavens meant more to her than the jolliest kind of good-natured fun down in the parlor. The kindly stars,

blinking at her through the curtain of the night, seemed to be urging her to keep up their acquaintance. Possibly they might lead her on the road to fame—who could tell?

One night in October, 1847, not unlike other gay evenings at the Mitchell home, Maria withdrew from the merry circle and climbed up to the roof once more to make the usual observations. As the telescope swept the heavens that night her trained eye caught an unusual sight. Not a star this was, but a strange spectacle which did not bear illumination. "What could it mean?" she wondered. Then she remembered having read about telescopic comets. Quickly noting the time—half-past ten—and the location of the strange spectacle, Maria hurried down from the roof to find her father and tell him of her discovery.

Mr. Mitchell waited until Maria had thoroughly examined this unusual phenomenon before he wrote a letter to the director of the Observatory at Harvard University, telling him of what his daughter had seen. Sixteen years before, the King of Denmark, wishing to encourage astronomical research, had offered a gold medal to the person who would be the first to discover a telescopic comet. And although telescopes had swept the heavens during all those years, no one had ever located such a comet. Maria's heart beat fast in the hope she had made a real discovery. Sure

enough, when the King of Denmark learned that a young woman on Nantucket Island, just off the coast of America, had discovered with her father's telescope a new comet, he sent her along with his hearty congratulations a gold medal. Maria Mitchell became famous, for news of her discovery spread everywhere, and scientists on both sides of the Atlantic were talking about it!

Not long afterwards Maria was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. When she learned that she was the first woman to be admitted to that important scientific society, she realized how greatly her country desired to do her an honor. For ten years longer she continued to work as librarian, but she took on other responsibilities, too. Sometimes she wrote articles for scientific magazines, and she faithfully watched the course of the planet Venus in order to make accurate tables which the mariners used in guiding their vessels across the open seas.

The time came at last when Maria decided to leave her island home and venture out into the world as a traveler. All her lifetime she had heard the roar of the ocean and had watched ships sail by on their way to and from faraway lands. Now she wanted to see the old civilized countries on which the stars had gazed for centuries. She wanted a chance to look about as well as to look

up. Bidding her friends and relatives good-by, she sailed away to Europe.

What a happy time Maria had while visiting in the Old World! Everywhere she was received graciously. She was welcomed as a visitor at the observatories and entertained as an honored guest in the homes of great men and women. She met famous scientists of other nations, who talked freely with her about the work she loved.

After returning to America, Maria was requested to accept the position of professor of astronomy and director of the Observatory in Vassar College, just opened for girls. Although this would mean that she would have to deny herself the pleasure of continuing her studies and the possibility of making further discoveries in the heavens, Maria decided to accept. She wished to encourage other girls in their efforts to secure a higher education and believed this would be the best way to do it. For twenty years she helped to make Vassar College known and honored. Hundreds of students came because they had heard of her reputation and knew she was there. They found her to be as remarkable a teacher as she was a noted scientist. Not only did she know how to teach, she also knew how to be a friend, and how to advise.

One time when speaking of herself Maria Mitchell said: "I was born of only ordinary capacity, but

of extraordinary persistency." When once she started a good thing she refused to quit until she had mastered it. Herein lay the secret of her great life.

At the advanced age of seventy years Miss Mitchell resigned her position at Vassar College, and a year later she died. But Time will not be able to erase her memory; for nearly a quarter of a century after her death she was elected to the Hall of Fame, which was built to commemorate the achievements of distinguished citizens of her beloved country, the United States of America.

Story VI

A COURAGEOUS QUAKER GIRL

"Father, thee must not stay away too long," called a dark-eyed little maiden to her father who, after kissing her good-by, had started down the narrow path towards the sea.

"And thee must not forget to be brave, and to help thy mother while I am gone," he called back, encouragingly.

Lucretia Coffin knew what it meant to be brave, although she was only a child. Often her father had gone on long voyages as a sea captain, leaving his little family in their cosy island home to await his return. And often when he was very far away she had heard the sea moan and the breakers roar, and sometimes she had seen bits of wreck washed up along the beach after a storm. Yes, Lucretia knew what it meant to be brave and hopeful; for she trusted in God to take care of her father and to protect him from shipwreck.

Lucretia also knew what it meant to help her mother. With several younger sisters she found plenty of tasks just big enough for a little girl to do well. She could care for the baby, rocking the old-fashioned cradle until the baby fell asleep. She

could wash the dishes, sweep the floors, set the table, and do ever so many other things. She could even use the knitting needles and help to fashion warm stockings and mittens from yarn. And while she and her elder sister helped so willingly, their mother could take time for making candles to use in lighting their home during the long evening hours. Yes, Lucretia knew what it meant to help her mother.

Sometimes when the sailors did not return for a long, long time Lucretia would go with her mother on a marketing trip to Boston. They would carry in their baskets the bottles of oil and the carefully formed candles which her mother had prepared for market, and these they would exchange for things which they needed at home. How much Lucretia enjoyed the excitement of these trips across the bay to the mainland! She would watch the familiar shore of Nantucket Island, with its smoking chimneys, fade into the distance, and she would see ever so many fishing boats gliding about in the bay. Then, turning toward the mainland, she would wonder about the strange sights which would greet her there. Possibly she had heard about the time when the Quakers were persecuted by the Protestants in Massachusetts, and when some of them were even killed because they refused to worship God according to the ideas of other men. That had been a long time ago; still

Lucretia may have tried to fancy what had been the feelings of those persecuted people. Her own forefather, Thomas Macy, had been one of them. He had fled from the persecutions at Massachusetts Bay to take refuge among the savage Indians who lived on Nantucket. How wildly his heart must have beat as he rowed his little boat across the waters to the strange island! Now everything was different, for there was religious freedom in the United States. Lucretia was very glad that those dreary days of religious persecution were ended.

When Lucretia was twelve years old her father decided to move his family from their island home to the city of Boston. So they left the rambling cottage by the sea where, on January 3, 1793, Lucretia had been born, and went to live in the metropolis. He wished to educate his children, so he placed them in a private school. When he saw that only the children of the well-to-do people attended the private school he feared that his daughters might become proud and unwilling to associate with poorer people, and he transferred them to the public school, where they could mingle with all classes. Captain Coffin was a Quaker and a sincere believer in the importance of developing good character. He wanted his children to realize that the most worth-while thing in life cannot be purchased with money. He wanted them to appre-

ciate their fellow men and be kind to the rich and the poor alike.

When Lucretia and her elder sister completed the work offered in the public school their father sent them to the Friends' boarding school at Nine Partners, New York, to continue their education. Dressed as plain little Quaker maids they entered the school and pledged themselves to be attentive, obedient, and studious.

Soon Lucretia and her sister learned that they would not be allowed to speak to the boys in this school. Only relatives, such as brothers and sisters, or cousins, were permitted on certain days to talk a little while across a certain corner of the playground fence. Lucretia and her classmates thought this part of the school's discipline was unnecessary, and she was not always careful to obey it strictly. When she learned that a boy student who had committed a small offense was locked up in a room alone and fed on bread and water, she felt that the punishment was too severe for the crime. And with another girl she risked the danger of being punished also, by slipping bread and butter to him through the crack under the door.

For two years Lucretia remained in this school without taking a vacation. Then, at the age of fifteen, she was appointed to the position of assistant teacher and earned enough money to help educate her younger sister. Along with her duties

as teacher she continued to study, for the love of learning was planted deep in her nature. And one of her fellow teachers, a tall, shy, good-natured young man named James Mott, decided to study with her. Outside of school hours they learned how to conjugate French verbs, and by and by they learned to care very much for each other. After a while they were married, and then they made their home in the Quaker city—Philadelphia.

When Lucretia entered young womanhood she thought more seriously about the love of her heavenly Father and began to study the Bible prayerfully. Often she felt stirred in her heart to tell others about the wonderful truths which she read and believed in the Word of God. The Friends allowed women to preach, and they were glad when Lucretia stepped into the pulpit and addressed them. They said, "Lucretia Mott is a great preacher," and they listened to her with respect. They told others about her beautiful sermons, and soon hundreds of people gathered to hear her and marveled at her preaching.

Being a preacher did not hinder Lucretia Mott from doing other things. For several years she taught school to help her husband get started in business. She took time to care for her children and to create a happy home atmosphere. She believed that God had given her the great task of being a wife and mother, as well as the responsi-

bility of preaching his gospel. And she would not slight her tasks.

After moving to Philadelphia the Motts heard more about the great problem of slavery which was being discussed throughout the nation. They frequently saw slaves in the city, and Lucretia's heart was stirred with pity for them. She knew they were bought and sold like animals in the Southern States—that husbands and wives, parents and children were separated in this cruel manner, never to be happy together again. She shuddered when she heard heart-rending stories of runaway slaves who, longing for freedom, risked their lives to escape from cruel masters. Then she decided to help them by enlisting in the cause of antislavery. So she took the platform as an antislavery lecturer and visited many parts of the United States, pleading for the emancipation of the colored race.

Lucretia knew when she started in this line of work that her life would be endangered. She knew that mobs sometimes tarred and feathered speakers who urged the freedom of the Negroes. But she believed God wanted her to help these oppressed people and that he would take care of her in his own way. With sublime courage this little Quaker woman went about her mission. Hundreds of people who scoffed at the idea of a woman preacher and lecturer were won when they heard her speak. So ladylike did she appear, and

so convincingly did she speak, that they knew she believed God had given her a message.

Once while Lucretia was addressing a large convention in Philadelphia the building in which she spoke was surrounded by a mob. Stones were hurled through the windows to frighten the people. As soon as the crowd left the building the mob set it afire. Then they started down the street toward the Mott home, intending to destroy it also. But a young man who respected the Quaker preacher entered the rough crowd and, pretending to be one of them, he led them away from the home of his friend. At another time the meeting in which Lucretia spoke was broken up by a mob and the rough men entered the room, threatening the speakers. Seeing that one of her friends was timid, Lucretia asked the gentleman who was offering her protection to escort her friend.

"But who will take you through the crowd to a place of safety?" asked the gentleman.

"This man," she replied, smiling pleasantly as she laid her hand on the arm of one of the roughest men in the mob. And the astonished rowdy, overcome by the quiet manner of this godly woman, manfully led her out of the dangerous group.

Lucretia Mott was more than a preacher, lecturer, wife, and mother. She was always a friend of the poor and unfortunate. Such people she never turned away from her door without giving them

some kind of help. With her own hands she often prepared food to carry to needy families in the community, and always she performed her charitable acts in a beautiful way. She believed in practicing what she preached. Her home became a refuge for discouraged people, who always felt welcomed there, for her husband shared her interest in the well-being of others.

Rich and poor alike loved Lucretia Mott. And she frequently entertained cultured people, as well as the ignorant and unfortunate. Guests in her home knew they might be placed at the same table with unpolished strangers just in from the streets, but they loved her so much that they did not mind having to rub elbows with strangers in her home. The great national leaders of her time often met around her fireside and enjoyed her delightful hospitality. Even the President of the United States regarded her with highest esteem and appreciated an invitation to her home. Distinguished visitors from European countries were pleased to have the honor of being entertained by this remarkable Quaker family.

Years passed by, and Lucretia Mott continued to preach, lecture, and live the beautiful life of a Christian wherever she went. She followed closely the example of our great Master, who "went about doing good." Sometimes strangers who met her in the streets would stop and exclaim, "God bless

you, Lucretia Mott!" Although she did not know them, she would smile on them in a friendly manner.

At the age of eighty-five years Lucretia was still speaking to large audiences in the same earnest tones which had characterized her early preaching. She was still doing kind, thoughtful deeds to help the suffering poor. She was still thinking about the weighty problems of her nation and trying to help solve them right. What a gracious old lady she had become!

But at last her work was finished and she was called to

> Rest awhile
> In the shade of the heavenly Father's smile.

Then her family realized how greatly she had been esteemed by the nation, for everywhere newspapers and magazines praised the wonderful service she had rendered to her country. At the cemetery several thousand people gathered to witness her burial. A silent throng they were when someone, standing near the open grave, asked, "Will no one say anything?" Another responded, sorrowfully, "Who can speak? The Preacher is dead!"

Story VII

THE LITTLE PRINCESS WHO BECAME A GREAT QUEEN

"Little Dwina," the princess of our story, is not a make-believe somebody of fairyland lore, but a real person who lived and loved and played through her childhood and who grew up to become the wise ruler of the mightiest empire in Europe. It is interesting to learn how this sure-enough little princess grew from babyhood through childhood and youth until she became a noble, capable young woman, the sovereign of her nation.

There were no children in the direct line of royal descendants in England. The people of that land were wondering who would be their future ruler after the feeble king and his grown sons died. Then on the twenty-fourth day of May, in 1819, news spread over the country that in the Kensington Palace a baby girl was born, who was granddaughter of the king. And they believed she would be the future ruler of their country.

When the wee little crown princess was a month old she was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury and was given the name of Alexandrina Victoria. Because these names seemed very cum-

bersome for such a tiny girl, she was called "little Dwina" in her childhood.

Little Dwina was still a baby when her father died. Her mother, called the Duchess of Kent (for her father had been the Duke of Kent), was not an Englishwoman. She had been a German princess before she married the Duke of Kent and came to live in the beautiful Kensington Palace in England. After her husband's death the full task of training little Dwina, England's future queen, fell to her. However homesick she might grow to return to her own land, she knew she would have to remain in England among strangers and educate her little daughter to become the ruler of her husband's people. What a difficult task this would be!

To make matters worse, the Duchess learned that her husband had become deeply involved in debt before he died, leaving her poor. He had tried to sell the beautiful palace home, hoping to be able with that money to pay off the debt, but the law of England would not allow him to do this. Now she was left a poor woman, although living in a palace.

The Duchess was courageous. She did not allow poverty to prevent her from doing her best to educate her little daughter just as she believed a future queen should be educated. She wanted Princess Victoria to become a good, sensible, wise ruler, and she taught her to think kind thoughts and to do

kind deeds while she was still a little girlie. She kept the child with her much of the time, day and night, for she believed that no nurse or governess, however skilled she might be, could take the place of a mother.

Little Dwina breakfasted each morning at eight o'clock, having her bread and milk and fruit put on her little table by her mother's side. Then came her usual out-of-door exercise when the weather was favorable, after which she studied for a while with her mother as instructor. Playtime with her toys in the palace followed this study period; then at two o'clock a plain dinner was served. Although she was a crown princess, little Dwina ate only the most simple and nourishing kind of food. She did not cry or tease for rich pastries as some children do. In the afternoon there were lessons again, for being a crown princess meant that there would have to be lessons and lessons to learn with which ordinary little girlies were not bothered. Just as soon as she grew old enough to study her lessons she had to divide her playtime hours with study periods. The ruler of a nation should know a great deal about her country—about its laws, its people, and the people of other countries with whom it has dealings.

Perhaps the little princess did not enjoy studying any more than the average little girl does. She did enjoy a frolic on the lawn and a ride through

the beautiful Kensington Gardens, accompanied by her half sister, the Princess Feodora, and a servant. Here they often met other people who had come to stroll through the beautiful gardens and possibly to catch a glimpse of the little crown princess. One day they were approached by a little girl who ran up to the carriage and asked for the privilege of kissing her future queen. This privilege was granted, much to the delight of the little stranger. Day after day passers-by noticed how simply the little princesses were dressed and how modestly they behaved.

When little Dwina was seven years old she was taken to the Windsor Palace to visit her "Uncle King"—George IV. This was a great event in her young life, and we may be sure that she knew how to conduct herself quite properly among her elders, for the king was delighted with her pleasing manners. Until that time her mother had been her teacher, and German was the language which she used with greatest ease. Later on she was thoroughly educated in the English language also.

Because a ruler should know how to use money wisely the princess was given a small monthly allowance when she grew old enough to appreciate the value of money. This money she was supposed to spend as she pleased, but never was she allowed to go into debt. Her mother taught her that extravagance and debt often produce much unhappiness,

and she did not want England's future queen to be wasteful and extravagant with money.

One day little Dwina saw a toy in the shop window which she wished to buy, but she did not have enough of her monthly allowance left to pay for it. She asked the shopkeeper please to lay it aside for her, explaining to him her lack of funds before the next allowance would be received. He did this for her, and just as soon as she had enough money in her purse she hurried back to purchase the toy.

Another lesson which the little princess was taught until she had thoroughly mastered it was the lesson of self-control. Wise sovereigns show no signs of nervousness or timidity if they wish to command the respect of their subjects. Little Dwina was taught to believe that it is unwomanly to scream out in fright or to show alarm at the unexpected appearance of things which ordinarily frighten little girls. Because she mastered this lesson so well she grew into a quiet, dignified, sensible young woman.

The princess' mother believed that it is sinful to be lazy, and she would not allow her small daughter to become an offender along this line. She taught the child how to sew and how to keep her garments mended neatly. She did not believe that just because her daughter was a crown princess she was too good to wear neat patches on her clothing. She knew that clean, patched gar-

ments are no disgrace and that good character, rather than good clothes, makes people worth while. As a result of such training Princess Victoria did not seem to think herself better than other children. She did not put on airs, but was always modest and kind to everyone. She sympathized with the poor and suffering, and lent her aid wherever she saw that she could help.

Nor need we be surprised to find out that when the young princess grew old enough she felt at home even in the palace kitchen. There she was taught how to do plain cooking, and she valued this bit of her education so highly that years later, when she became the mother of girls she insisted that each one of them learn the housekeeping art.

When Princess Victoria grew into her teens her mother sometimes took her on educational trips through the country. One time they visited a cotton mill, where cloth was being made. Her mother wished her to realize the dignity of labor and the cost in human effort of the materials she used in everyday life. Another time they visited the old churchyard where the heroine of Leigh Richmond's beautiful story, "The Dairyman's Daughter," lay buried. Side by side they sat on the ground near this Christian maiden's grave while Victoria read aloud the story to her mother. A tourist, chancing to visit the graveyard that day, saw them, and he was deeply impressed by the

method that mother had chosen to make the princess feel the power of a truly noble life.

Not all of Victoria's teaching was confined to practical lines, for she also learned how to do ornamental things, such as painting and drawing. She studied music, too, and took delight in it. One time soon after she became queen the celebrated German artist Mendelssohn paid her a visit at Windsor Palace, and he was pleased to find her quite familiar with his difficult musical compositions.

It seems that the little princess was not told when she was a child that someday she would become queen of her nation. But the time came when it was necessary for her to understand this. One day a genealogical table, tracing her ancestors, was placed in a book she was reading. Victoria was then twelve years old and able to understand how to trace her lineage on such a table. For a long time she studied it carefully, then, addressing her governess, she said, "I see I am nearer the throne than I supposed. Now I understand why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. I will be good," she added, thoughtfully.

During her growing-up years the princess did not spend much time at the royal court. The king was displeased because she came so seldom to visit him, but her mother knew the gay court life would not be good for her young daughter. She realized that plenty of sleep is necessary to promote the

health and happiness of growing children, and she insisted that Victoria go to bed each evening at nine o'clock. Even when the king and queen gave her a party she was not permitted to stay up later than her usual bedtime. Through her growing-up years there were regular hours for sleep, regular hours for morning exercise, regular hours for meals, regular hours for lessons, and regular hours for play. What a carefully planned life she lived!

One night not long after Victoria's eighteenth birthday her Uncle King died suddenly. There were no telephones, telegraphs, or radios in that time, and no racing automobiles or eagle-winged airplanes to carry tidings swiftly. Kensington Palace was some distance from the royal palace where the king had died, and Victoria needed to be informed at once that she was now queen of England. The distinguished Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain rode as rapidly as horses could carry them through the darkness to salute their new sovereign. They arrived in the early dawn and found a sleepy porter at the palace gate who grumbled at them for disturbing him before five o'clock in the morning. Next they encountered difficulty in arousing the household. Victoria's attendant declared that she should not be disturbed before dawn.

"The business of state cannot wait until dawn,"

replied the urgent visitors. "We are here on business of state to the Queen."

When the attendant realized that Victoria was no longer just a princess, but now the sovereign of her nation, she hastened to wake her at once.

Upon receiving the unexpected summons to rise so early, Victoria scrambled from her bed, drew on her dressing gown and slippers, and, with her beautiful hair tumbling over her shoulders, she entered the room where her urgent callers were waiting. "Your Majesty!" was the salutation which greeted her from the archbishop, who represented the church, and from the Lord Chamberlain, who represented the state. Then she understood what had happened and, bursting into tears, she turned to the archbishop and said, "I beg Your Grace to pray for me." And there they knelt in the quiet room while the archbishop prayed fervently and tenderly for the young girl on whom the care of the British realm had fallen so suddenly.

Queen Victoria did not forget nor neglect her first duty to her aunt, the late king's widow. As soon as possible she wrote a note of sympathy and condolence to send back to the royal palace. This note she addressed, as usual, to "Her Majesty, the Queen." "Not that," said the messenger who had been bidden to carry the note, "for she is no longer the possessor of that title of rank." "I know," re-

plied the young Queen, quietly, "but I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

According to the required custom, Victoria was soon afterwards proclaimed Queen from a certain window of St. James's Palace, while the waiting throng below viewed Her Majesty for the first time. There she stood, dressed in simplest mourning, the tears running down her cheeks, while she was being presented to the people as their sovereign. At once she won the hearts of the nation by her simplicity and modest behavior, and the throngs cheered her loudly.

Nearly a year passed before the coronation of the youthful Queen, which took place on June 28, 1838. Before that grand event could be held the royal crown, which preceding rulers had worn, needed to be reconstructed and reduced in size, for it was too large and heavy. When at last everything was ready for the occasion the enthusiastic throngs lined the streets to view the grand procession as it passed from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, where the coronation ceremony was held. In that procession were flashes of brilliance as church and state representatives, foreign princes and ambassadors in their costumes filed by. But the eyes of the eager throng sought the royal carriage in which their youthful sovereign rode, and for her the people cheered again and again.

For more than half a century—sixty-four years—Queen Victoria lived to bear the scepter of England. Early in her reign she married a German prince who, with his kind advice and sympathy, helped her much. She became the mother of a large family and the ruler of a kingdom which grew into an empire. Millions of square miles and more than two hundred million people came under British rule while she was queen.

At the ripe age of eighty-two years Queen Victoria died—she who had been the most splendid monarch of the nineteenth century.

Story VIII

"THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE"

A little Swedish girl sat near the window in her grandmother's room in Stockholm one day, singing to her pet cat. She had sat near the same window doing the very same thing many times before. And quite as often she had seen people who were hurrying along the street below stop suddenly and stare at her in wonder. She did not understand why they should stare so. Her kitty never stared at her when she sang. But then, she thought, her kitty was too polite. She would curl up like a furry ball, purr contentedly, and blink her eyes until she fell asleep.

One of the listeners on this particular day chanced to be a servant girl of Mademoiselle Lundberg's. She stopped, stared, and listened, just as other people had done. Then she hurried home to her mistress and told what she had seen and heard. "No child ever lived who had a sweeter voice," she declared emphatically, after describing the scene she had viewed through the window. Mademoiselle Lundberg was deeply interested. She was a prominent woman who loved music. "I must hear the child for myself," she said.

Jenny Lind, who came to be called the "Swedish Nightingale," was the child singer of our story. She had been born in Stockholm nine years before, on October 6, 1820. The first three years of her life she spent in a small village ten miles from the city. Then, because her hard-working mother was not always able to provide a home for her, sometimes Jenny stayed with her grandmother in Stockholm.

It was the grandmother who first discovered that Jenny possessed unusual musical talent. She made the discovery in this way: A square piano stood in her best room, and one day not long after three-year-old Jenny came to stay awhile with her she heard somebody playing a tune on the instrument. She had forbidden the child to trum on the piano, thinking her scarcely more than a baby. Jenny's elder half sister sometimes practised her music lessons on the piano, and now the grandmother supposed that it must be she who was picking out a melody with one finger instead of attending to her lesson properly. So she called to her from the next room, but received no answer. Wondering at the strangeness, she went into the room to investigate and was surprised to find no one. Before leaving the room, however, she stooped down and looked under the piano. There, crouched on the floor in a trembling heap, lay her little granddaughter Jenny.

"Child, was that *you?*" the astonished woman asked as she drew the little one from her hiding place. Jenny, sobbing out her story on her grandmother's knee, told how she had heard the music of the military buglers who paraded through the streets each day, and how she had felt the tune linger in her mind. She had wanted oh, so much, to try to find it on the piano keys, but she had feared to disobey her grandmother. The longing had grown so urgent that she watched for an opportunity to be alone in the house. Then, creeping up to the piano, she had been delighted to pick out the melody with one finger on the keys. While thus engaged she did not hear her grandmother re-enter the house, and so had been caught.

"Don't cry, child," soothed the astonished woman. "It is I who did the wrong. Hereafter you may play whenever you feel a tune stirring in your soul."

Not long afterwards Jenny's mother came to the city to see her children, and the grandmother told her of this incident. "Mark my word," she concluded, "this child will bring you help someday."

Much as Jenny was delighted with her success in coaxing melodies from the keys of her grandmother's piano, she enjoyed singing still more. From morning until night as she skipped about her play she sang. Indoors and out of doors her

childish voice rang clear and sweet, just as if her soul were overflowing with happiness. Sometimes, when she was still a tiny girl, the neighbors came in to hear her play. But the music of her singing would float to them at any hour of the day. As she grew older they often shook their heads and said, "Too bad that nothing is being done to train that child's remarkable voice."

Jenny's grandmother was an earnest Christian. Often she talked to the little girl about the heavenly Father. She told her that her wonderful talent for music was a gift from God. All through her lifetime Jenny believed that her grandmother was right. She tried to use the wonderful gift God had given her just as she believed he wanted her to use it.

When Jenny grew old enough to enter school she returned to her mother, who was then teaching. For several years she enjoyed the rare privilege of having her mother with her at home and in the schoolroom, too. She studied her lessons thoroughly and was a bright pupil, but just as soon as her lessons were done and school was dismissed she bounded away to frolic and sing.

The time came when Jenny's mother could no longer earn enough money teaching school to pay expenses, so she sought other employment and sent the child back to live again with her grandmother in Stockholm. At first Jenny must have felt lonely in the city, and so she whiled away the

hours singing to her pet cat. And that is how she happened to be singing when the servant girl saw and heard her through the window.

Not many days afterwards Jenny's mother received a note from Mademoiselle Lundberg: "Will you please bring your little girl to sing for me?" the note read. This was Jenny's first invitation to sing before someone capable of judging musical talent, and how eager she was to go! The fact that she would be singing to a wide-awake, critical lady instead of to a sleepy cat did not make one bit of difference. She dressed in her Sunday frock, combed her hair neatly, and set out with her mother in time to reach the lady's apartment at the appointed hour.

And how she did sing! The lady sat listening in amazement, tears trickling down her cheeks.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed, when the song was ended. Then turning to Jenny's mother, she said, "Your child is a genius indeed. You must have her educated for the stage."

"Not for the stage," came the quiet reply, for, like her grandmother, Jenny's mother was a Christian, and she feared that the influence of stage life would be harmful to her little daughter.

"Then at any rate she should be taught singing by the most competent instructor," the Mademoiselle insisted.

For a long time Jenny's mother had wished to

give her a musical education, but she could not earn enough money to afford this. She explained how impossible this had been, and the kind lady replied, "Perhaps we may find some other way." She then asked permission to write a note of introduction to her friend, Herr Croelius, the court secretary and singing master of the Royal Theater. "Take this to him," she said; "it may lead to something."

Jenny's eyes grew wide with anticipation as they bade their new friend good-by and turned their footsteps toward the opera house. She was going to see a singing master! And perhaps he would ask her to sing for him as the Mademoiselle had done. She wondered whether he, too, would like her singing.

When they reached the studio and presented the note of introduction, they met the gentleman and chatted for a while with him. He seemed friendly and cordial. He asked questions about his little visitor, and by and by he brought a sheet of music and asked her please to sing for him. Jenny glanced at the music and saw that it was familiar. Then she threw back her little head and sang her very best, right out of her heart. When she finished the song she saw that big tears had been rolling down the cheeks of her astonished listener.

"I must take her at once to Count Puke, the head

of the Royal Theater," said he to Jenny's mother, "and tell him what a treasure I have found."

But the busy count did not receive his visitors as graciously as had the singing master. When he saw the shy, plain-faced little girl standing before him he did not look pleased. He asked her age, and upon hearing that she was nine years old (she looked younger) he said impatiently, as if wishing to dismiss them from his presence, "This is not a nursery; this is the King's school."

"Very well," replied Herr Croelius, turning away in disappointment, "if you refuse to hear her now I shall teach her myself, and someday she will astonish you."

The count was surprized at these words flung at him so bitterly from the singing master. He glanced a second time at the shy, plain-faced little visitor about to leave the room. "Stay," he called, "and let me investigate the matter further."

It had been easy to sing for the Mademoiselle, who had invited Jenny to her apartment. It had been a joy to sing for Herr Croelius, the kind singing master. But when this critical, stern, great man asked her to sing for him, that was quite a different matter. However, Jenny resolved again to try to do her best. She sang with all her heart, and the count stared at her in wonder, just as the listeners had often stared at her from the streets below her grandmother's window. She did not

mind that he stared, for she saw his hard face soften, and presently the tears began to trickle down his cheeks, too. He had been convinced just as the Mademoiselle and Herr Croelius, that little Jenny Lind was no ordinary child.

Now the count was very eager to enroll Jenny as a pupil of the King's school. He proposed that she be adopted into the school of pupils attached to the Royal Theater. Thus all her expenses would be paid and she would receive the very best training. At first her mother felt very unwilling to consent to this arrangement, but finally she agreed, and Jenny Lind's musical education began.

For eleven years Jenny drilled at the Royal Theater in voice and motion, studying earnestly and always trying to do her best. She believed that although God had given her a talent for music he expected her to improve it as much as possible, and that was her reason for studying so faithfully. During this time she lived in an apartment near the Royal Theater, where her mother kept several other pupils as boarders. In this manner she was permitted to be with her Christian mother every day, and she resolved never to allow the influence of the theater to spoil her life. She admired the beautiful Christian character of her mother and of her grandmother, and she determined to become a good woman as well as a great singing artist.

By and by Jenny Lind began to make concert

tours through Sweden. Wherever she went she thrilled the hearts of her listeners, but she felt that she was not yet prepared to do her best. She wanted to continue her studies in Paris under a master artist, so she saved the money which she earned from these concert tours to pay her expenses in Paris.

No student was ever more determined to succeed than was this Swedish maiden. When she arrived in Paris she found out that she had nearly lost her voice. Instead of giving way to discouragement she set to work in earnest to study the French language, and at the end of three months she was able to go on with her music lessons. Now she studied under a noted master in Paris for ten months. She received some benefit from his teaching, but she declared that she sang after no one's method. She loved to watch the birds sing, and she approved of their method, which had been taught to them by the Master of all creation.

The first concert which Jenny Lind gave outside of her native Sweden was in Copenhagen, where she had gone to visit friends. She had not intended to sing in public while there, but was urged to do so by Hans Anderson, the renowned writer of *Fairy Tales,* and his friend, A. A. Boumonville. The concert which she gave was such a success that her fame soon spread all over Europe and invitations came flooding to her from everywhere.

Words of praise and the thrill of fame did not turn the head of this noble Christian girl. She went just as willingly into the humble room of a sick man to sing for him when he could not go to the concert to hear her as she went to her most successful concert. She tried just as hard to please one listener as thousands.

With the coming of fame, Jenny Lind entered upon a busier life than she had known before. Because of the invitations which came from all over Europe and from across the sea to give concerts to music-loving people, she traveled from one country to another, singing her way into the hearts of her listeners wherever she went. In her own country she was treated like an empress. Thousands of people lined the streets to see her pass through her home city, Stockholm, when on her way to England. Even the warships in the harbor were decorated for the occasion, and all fired salutes, just as they did when the king himself was being honored.

When Jenny Lind sang at court before the royalties of Europe she manifested the same naturalness and simplicity which marked her singing elsewhere. She attended the receptions given by members of the royal family in her honor, and entered into the social life of the fashionable people. But always she remained the same un-

spoiled, simplehearted, noble-minded singer who first won the applause of the people.

At the beginning of her career as a singer Jenny Lind sometimes disappointed her audience when she first appeared on the stage. Then she was a thin, shy, plain-featured girl resembling somewhat a nervous, awkward country schoolgirl. But when she rose to sing her face and form seemed to undergo a change, just as if the grace and purity of her soul were shining through and transforming her being. No one who saw and heard her sing said that she was plain. They felt that she sang with all her heart in the joy of her soul, and they realized that they were listening to the voice of an artist who cherished in her heart a reverence for God.

The vast sums of money which Jenny Lind received from her concerts she did not use selfishly. It is said that no woman ever gave away such wealth from her own earnings as this singer did. In America alone her earnings amounted to about one quarter of a million dollars. Much of this she gave away at once, and the remainder she reserved as a charity fund to be distributed after her death. She gave the receipts of many of her public entertainments to objects of charity, and in her native country she founded a school in which the poorest girls could receive an education. She urged the cultivation of art and virtue in this school, espe-

cially of virtue, for she believed that it was of more value in one's life than all things else.

For nearly half a century Jenny Lind's wonderful voice thrilled the hearts of audiences wherever she sang. She lived to see her grandchildren cluster about her knee while she told them about the loving Father-God whom her own dear grandmother had introduced to her when she was a little child. Then, when the last days on earth approached and she lay on her deathbed, she thought longingly about the time so soon to come when she would be singing again, forever free from pain. Raising herself on her pillow one day when the window blinds had been opened to let in the sunlight, she sang in a voice still sweet a song she loved—"*An den Sonnenschein*" ("And Then Sunshine"). Soon afterwards her happy spirit took its flight to the realm where eternal sunlight never fades and songs of gladness never die.

Story IX

THE GIRL WHO FOUGHT HER COUNTRY'S FOE

In childish handwriting three names appeared on a page of the Willard family Bible directly beneath these words:

> **So here we pledge perpetual hate**
> **To all that can intoxicate.**

Frances Elizabeth, Oliver, and their little sister Mary had heard their parents tell about the harm which comes from using whisky, wine, and beer. They shuddered when they thought about the sad homes in the world where fathers spend all their hard-earned money to buy liquor, and where sad-faced mothers must let their little children go hungry and ragged because they have no money to buy food and clothes. "We sign the temperance pledge," they said, "and never, never taste anything that can intoxicate." So the big family Bible was opened and turned to the page on which was written the pledge. One by one the children had signed their names beneath it.

These pioneer children lived too far away in Wisconsin's wilderness to smell the odor of intoxicating drinks or to see the wretchedness which

liquor caused. But they listened, wide-eyed, when their parents told about homes where little children run away to hide when they see their father come staggering in because he is drunk. Very glad were they, indeed, because the drink evil had not cast its dark shadow over their home. They felt sorry for the poor children who were not so fortunate as they.

When Frances and Oliver began plans for their play city, they remembered what their parents had told them about the harm which comes from saloons. They resolved that their city should not have any saloons in it. "If we do not allow a saloon," reasoned Frances solemnly, "then we will not have to bother about building a jail." The streets were laid out, the buildings planned, and the laws made which should govern the imaginary people who came to live in "Fort City." Even a newspaper was planned, and Frances became its editor. Many happy hours the Willard children spent at their play, trying to make their city as nearly perfect as a real city ought to be.

Frances could remember the time when her home had been in a real city. She could remember the rows of houses on each side of the street, the board sidewalks, the shady trees, and the university buildings where her parents attended school. She could remember, too, the day when three clumsy prairie schooners came down the street and

stopped in front of the house where they lived. She had watched the men take the furniture from the house, piece by piece, and load it into the schooners. She had seen them carry the boxes in which dishes and books had been carefully packed, and place them in the schooners. She had seen them take everything—trunks, carpets, and pictures from the wall—and tuck them into the big wagons. She remembered how, last of all, friends gathered round the wagons and told them good-by, after which she and Oliver and baby Mary were lifted into the third schooner and deposited comfortably among cushions on top of their father's old-fashioned desk.

Then the long, long ride began, and how well Frances remembered that ride! Facing westward, the drivers urged their horses towards the country, and soon the last glimpse of Oberlin, Ohio, was lost from their sight. On and on they traveled, day after day, over hills, through woods, and across prairies. Sometimes they forded rivers which cut across their trail, for no bridges had been built in the new country. At nights they camped along the roadside, and on Sundays they rested by the way. After traveling for three weeks they stopped to make camp for the last time, having come as far as the bluffs of the Rock River, in Wisconsin. There, among the groves of oak and hickory trees a short distance from Janesville, Wisconsin,

Frances' father built the rustic cottage which they now called home.

Although there were no near neighbors except the feathered and furry woodland people—birds and chipmunks—the Willard children had a happy time growing up in their wilderness home. Frances helped her mother keep house, and sometimes she helped her father and little brother do the chores. She liked to be out of doors and spent many of her playtime hours in pleasant weather romping about the premises. She could climb trees, jump fences, and ride on horseback. One of her favorite pastimes was to climb high up on the big bur oak which grew in the garden and sit quietly, thinking up bits of verses to write. Frances was a thoughtful girl, although she enjoyed a good romp. She inherited from her parents a love of learning and did not complain when her mother called her from play to her lessons.

For a number of years Frances' only teacher was her mother. There were so few families living in the neighborhood that no schoolhouse had been built. As time passed, other people came to live in the new country and some of the children did not have mothers who were capable of teaching them at home. Then the people met together and decided to build a schoolhouse, send for a teacher, and educate their children.

Frances' father went with the other men into the

woods about a mile from their home to cut down trees and clear a school ground. Soon the sound of axes, saws, and hammers re-echoed through the woods, and a queer little building began to grow up on the spot. Frances called it a sort of big groundnut. When at last it was finished and the first teacher arrived, all the children in the neighborhood were eager to start to school. We may know how eagerly Frances looked forward to this event by reading these lines from her diary: "Sister and I got up long before light to prepare for the first day at school. Put all our books into Mother's satchel. Had a nice pail full of dinner. Study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, and spelling, which takes up every minute of my time. Stood next to Pat O'Donahue in spelling, and Pat stood at the head."

Frances was now sixteen years old, but she did not put on grown-up airs. She continued to set traps for wild game after she started to school and tended them with all the enthusiasm of a young trapper. Until she was seventeen she romped about in the out-of-doors, chasing sheep down in the shady pasture, jumping fences, and still climbing up to her "eagle's nest" seat in the big bur oak. On her seventeenth birthday her mother insisted that she had been neglected too long and that now she must cultivate more ladylike manners. With a sigh of martyrdom Frances donned her

new dress, which had a trail like her mother's, and twisted her hair up on the back of her head, holding it in place with eighteen hairpins. What a torture!

The thought of being a lady brought some comfort to Frances when she learned that her parents had arranged to send her away to school. She had completed the schoolwork offered in the little log schoolhouse, and now she was eager to continue her studies in a school of higher learning. She went to study a while at the Milwaukee Female College, and later she went to the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, where she graduated.

During her first vacation from college Frances decided to become a schoolteacher, and she asked to teach in the little schoolroom near her home where she had begun her own school days. After graduating from college she began to teach in earnest and became the principal of several important schools. Later she was appointed dean of the Woman's College in Northwestern University.

Everywhere she taught Frances won the love and confidence of her pupils. She urged them to think about the years ahead when they would be grown up, and she asked them to answer this big question: "What are you going to do in the world?" Under her teaching the girls realized that the most important thing in life is not play, but work—doing something worth while.

In the busy cities where Frances lived after she became a teacher she saw many things which reminded her of the time when she and her brother and sister signed the temperance pledge. She saw open saloons along sidewalks where workmen had to pass every day. She saw poorly dressed men stagger intoxicated down the streets. She saw wretched homes where wives and children of drunkards lived. And when she saw such things her heart ached in pity for those unfortunate people. No wonder she began to feel a desire to do something to rid her nation of the great drink evil.

One day Frances heard that groups of earnest women were meeting in different cities and were going through the streets singing, praying, and begging the saloonkeepers to give up their business. This news had spread quickly over the country and everybody was talking about it. Some people were saying unkind things about the women, but Frances believed they were trying to do good. She wished that all good people would try as hard as these women to take temptation away from those of her countrymen who were slaves to strong drink.

As dean of the Woman's College, Frances was sometimes asked to give lectures before large audiences. She spoke in a musical tone of voice and expressed her thoughts clearly. Her manner was so unaffected and pleasing that crowds came

whenever they heard she would address them. At last she decided to give up the teaching profession and devote all her time to the cause of temperance. She had been a successful teacher and loved that work. She knew that many of her friends would be disappointed when she quit teaching to become a temperance worker. She knew that some people who had no pity for drunkards would call her a nuisance and would say many hard, untruthful things about her. She realized that she would be undertaking the most difficult kind of work. But she felt that God wanted her to do this and that he would help her.

Then a tempting offer come to Frances from a prominent school in New York City. She was asked to become principal of the school and was promised a large salary. Another call came at the same time. This one was from the Chicago branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They were without a president and were needing one badly. They were poorly organized and could offer no salary. Because they believed that Frances would make a capable leader they urged her to take the work. And she consented, refusing the big salaried offer from New York, because she believed that the temperance cause needed her time and talent more than the teaching profession did.

Frances was just as enthusiastic to build up a strong organization that would bless her nation as

she had been to build a play city when she was a child. She longed to rid every city in the land of the saloon evil, but she knew this could not be done without a long and hard struggle. She planned the work carefully and found something for every willing worker to do. She brought new ideas and fresh courage into the ranks of the earnest women who were members of the Union. She traveled from city to city throughout the United States, lecturing in behalf of temperance. Everywhere she won many friends to the cause of temperance. Her quiet dignity and Christian spirit added weight to her words, and people saw in this earnest young woman an example of worthy zeal which pleased them. By and by she became president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which spread its uplifting influence from coast to coast. And later, when through her efforts the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, she was chosen as the person most capable to become its leader.

Frances did not grow discouraged and quit when her dream of a nation without saloons did not come true in a few years. She kept on and on, working and praying and encouraging others to work for this ideal. When at last a law was written and adopted by the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the sale of strong drink in the nation, her dream came true. Many, many saloons

were closed, and thus the great temptation which had been a curse to the people of the United States of America was removed. Frances Willard had been a successful leader in the great fight against the evil of intemperance.

No wonder that the name of this brave woman has been selected for the Hall of Fame, where distinguished American citizens are honored because of their achievements. And no wonder that the state of Illinois, proud of her wonderful leadership, has erected to her memory in the National Capitol at Washington, D.C., a marble statue of Frances E. Willard.

Story X

"THE PRIESTESS OF POETRY"

Five miles south of Durham, England, was a country estate called Coxhoe Hall, where a wealthy West Indian merchant and his young wife were living when their first child was born. Although the little newcomer was a daughter instead of a son, she was welcomed joyfully by her fond parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barrett, and every day she grew deeper into their hearts. Elizabeth was the name they chose to give her, and for several years the wee girlie answered to that name.

Elizabeth was still too young to remember her surroundings when her father purchased a new home, in Herefordshire, among the Malvern Hills, where he moved his little family. Here at Hope End, the quiet country home, Elizabeth grew from infancy to young womanhood. Here she welcomed the arrival of sisters and brothers until there were ten of them—two sisters and eight brothers. When Edward, the eldest brother, began to talk he had not the courage to try to say "Elizabeth," so he called her "Ba" instead. Thereafter the other members of the family affectionately applied that

name to her for their everyday usage, and Elizabeth grew to love it as her pet name.

As a child, Elizabeth sometimes ran and played with her sisters and brothers in the grassy meadows, or climbed the beautiful hills, or roamed through the shady woodlands. The out-of-doors held a charm for her of which she never lost sight, and when she grew older and sorrows came into her life she felt comforted when she could take a walk in the fields and think quietly about the love of the heavenly Father. One day after taking such a walk she wrote a beautiful little poem, called "Out in the Fields with God":

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die, and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

Elizabeth was quite young when she commenced writing verses. As a little scholar she was exceptionally fond of reading, and she spent many

hours poring over her books when she should have been romping in the sunshine to build up a stronger body. Her love of reading grew greater as she grew older; and since she had access to only the best books, she formed a taste for reading good, pure literature. Just as the right kind of food helps to build up a healthy body, so plenty of good, pure literature helps to build up a healthy mind.

Instead of sending his children to school, Mr. Barrett engaged teachers to instruct them at home. He was careful to provide only the best of teachers, and Elizabeth received a liberal education. When her favorite brother, Edward, was urged to study Greek she volunteered to share his studies with him. She had been wishing to be able to read in the original language the stories of those ancient Greeks. And she knew that the New Testament, too, was first written in Greek before it was translated into Latin and German and English. She wanted to be able to read it just as it had been written so long, long ago. With these desires to urge her on she struggled through her lessons in Greek until she became a good scholar and was able to read the language with ease.

Not far from Elizabeth's childhood home was the town of Great Malvern, where many friends of the Barrett family lived. Among them were the Boyds, who were splendid Christian people, well

educated and fond of reading. When they heard that Elizabeth was studying Greek, Mr. Boyd began to take a special interest in her. Although he was a blind man he understood the Greek language as well as a professor. He invited Elizabeth to his home often and asked her to read to him. Together they would pore over old Greek manuscripts as delightedly as children might devote themselves to a fascinating toy.

Through the influence of Mr. Boyd, Elizabeth became acquainted with the history of the Greek Christian Church Fathers, and she read about them with much interest. She enjoyed the mythical stories of the Greek classics, too, for they appealed to her youthful imagination. She used to sit alone under the shade trees near her home and read Greek stories until her head would ache. Sometimes she would dream about the ancient heroes of Greece and weave little rhymes about them. When she was thirteen years old, she wrote a long poem called "The Battle of Marathon." Her father was very proud of this literary work and insisted on having fifty copies printed. He believed that his little daughter was a literary genius.

Another friend for whom Elizabeth formed a warm attachment during her early youth was a neighbor, Mrs. James Martin, who lived about a mile from her home. This friend, like Mr. Boyd, was much older than Elizabeth, but she also was

interested in literary work. Elizabeth discussed with her the books she liked best, and they spent many pleasant afternoons together. When Elizabeth grew into womanhood and became famous as a poet, she still numbered among her dearest friends this elderly lady.

One of Elizabeth's favorite recreations was horseback riding. In her father's stables were riding horses which the children might use whenever they chose to go out. One day Elizabeth planned a ride and wished to start at once. She bridled the horse and attempted to saddle it alone. This task was unfamiliar to her, and she failed to fasten and tighten the girth properly. As a result, when she mounted the saddle it slipped, and she fell to the ground, bringing the saddle on top of her. A long time passed before she was able to go riding again, for she was severely injured by the fall. While she lay in the sickroom she found much comfort in her book friends. And when she grew tired of their silent companionship she sometimes wrote verses for her own amusement.

There came a sad day in the home at Hope End when members of the household spoke in subdued voices and tiptoed from room to room, for the beloved invalid mother lay on her deathbed. After she died it seemed for a time that the joy of life had gone out too. The home at Hope End was never the same again, and a few years later Mr. Barrett

moved his family to the south of England, where they located at Sidmouth, on the seashore.

Although it was hard for Elizabeth to leave all her dear friends, she soon learned to love her new home and surroundings. She never grew tired of looking out of the windows and watching the waves dance in the sunlight and dash against the shore. The sea breeze seemed to strengthen her frail body and to enliven her spirits. Remembering her former friends, she wrote long letters to them, telling about her new home and interests in Sidmouth. She also told them about herself and the work in which she was beginning to take a lively interest, for now she began to write long poems for publication. The Barrett family lived in Sidmouth for three years; then they moved to London.

The change from the beautiful landscapes and broad sea views to the crowded streets of a great city seemed to smother the spirits of the Barrett children when first they came to live in London. Elizabeth suffered most of them all, for she missed the pure, invigorating breezes from the sea as much as the beautiful scenery. Not long after they came to the city she fell ill, and ever afterwards she remained an invalid. She spent several years shut up in her room where only a few close friends were admitted to see her; but during those years she continued to make new friends, some of whom

she valued highly. Those were the pen-and-ink friends who, reading her splendid poems in the best literary magazines of the day, wrote to tell her of their appreciation. When she answered their letters, they wrote again and again. In this way their friendships sprang up and flourished.

In London, Elizabeth was overjoyed to find her old friend, the blind Mr. Boyd. He, too, had come to the great city to make his home. Because of Elizabeth's ill health these two friends seldom met, but they took the deepest interest in each other. In her sickroom Elizabeth would pen cheery letters to Mr. Boyd, telling about the things which would interest him. Sometimes she would send her latest poems for him to read; sometimes she would exchange books and magazines with him. Her sister often carried these letters to Mr. Boyd, but occasionally a servant delivered them. Then he always sent a reply back to her in the same manner, and thus they helped to brighten each other's dreary lives.

The time came when Elizabeth's physician advised that she be removed to a warmer climate for the winter periods, which were especially cold and damp in London. Her father then sent her to Torquay, on the extreme southern coast of England, to spend the winter. Edward, her favorite brother and companion during childhood, went with her to keep her company. Occasionally other members

of the family came down to visit them. Thus passed the first winter by the sea. At the return of springtime Elizabeth was too frail to undertake the journey back to London, so she and her brother remained in Torquay. She was placed under the care of the best physicians; still her health remained in a critical state. Sometimes she grew so ill that she despaired of ever recovering, and then she would long to return to London, even with its foggy atmosphere and ill-smelling streets, for she wished to be with her loved ones and friends.

During her second summer in Torquay another great sorrow came into Elizabeth's life. One warm day her brother and two friends went out in a small boat to row across the bay, and when they were some distance from the shore the boat floundered and upset, drowning the three men. Never again could Elizabeth listen without horror to the murmur of the sea, and now she wanted to leave Torquay at once. The love of home associations tugged very strongly at her heart after her brother's death, and she begged them to take her home. She was too ill to be removed, and had to spend another year at the seaside. Then her father sent a specially built carriage—a patented carriage with a bed in it, and set upon hundreds of springs—and in it she was taken back to London.

Although an invalid, and often unable to leave her bed for long at a time, Elizabeth continued her

work of writing. Her poems were received with pleasure by the editors of the best literary papers, and her name appeared among the most noted authors of the time. Some of these famous people she had the pleasure of meeting, and friendships sprang up between them. There was Wordsworth, the poet laureate of England, whose writings she admired very much; and Alfred Tennyson, a young poet rising into prominence, who succeeded Wordsworth in the place of national honor when that aged poet died; and Robert Browning, whom, after a friendship of several years, she married. These and other famous authors of the time she appreciated as her friends.

Elizabeth seldom had the opportunity of going about in London because of her ill health, but she heard much about the conditions of life among the poor people in that city and all through her native country. She knew about some of the evils which were spoiling the lives of many of her fellow men. Although she was protected from the sorrows of poverty, she felt pity for the poor and the unfortunate. She believed that the lawmakers of England could remedy some of the evils if they would try. Very bravely she set to work and wrote a poem called "The Cry of the Children," in which she pictured the wrong of enforced child labor, which her country allowed. In the following lines we read a portion of this poem:

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing towards the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Although Elizabeth had been an invalid for years and years, seldom able to leave her room, one day she was asked by another famous poet, Mr. Robert Browning, to become his wife. Not for a long time would she consent to marry him, but finally she did, and they were married in London. Very soon afterwards they went away to Europe, to make their home beneath the sunny skies of Italy. Here they lived happily for fifteen years, continuing the work they loved to do and meeting other famous artists who went to stay awhile in Italy. Sometimes they returned to visit in England, but they preferred to make their home in the warmer climate of southern Europe. There Elizabeth did not suffer from damp and cold weather. Sometimes she was strong enough to go with her husband on hikes into the woods and on horseback up steep mountain passes.

Famous persons, we are told, express their highest selves in their literary work. Friends of

Elizabeth Barrett Browning said of her that in everyday life she was the same beautiful character whose excellence shone through the noble works of her pen. Always she was strong in the defense of truth and right, earnest in her endeavors, and indignant against all kinds of oppression and wrong. While she loved the beautiful, she did not close her eyes to scenes of wretchedness where she could lend a hand to help remove the wrong. Among her best poems we find "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Cowper's Grave," "Dead Pan," and "Aurora Leigh."

In spite of her long struggle with frail health Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived to be fifty-five years old. In 1861 she died at her home in Italy.

Story XI

THE GIRL WHO MADE HER DREAM COME TRUE

Dug out from among the rocks and trees near the village of Buckland, in western Massachusetts, lay a little homestead belonging to Aaron Lyon. Four children already played about the low frame cottage nestled among the trees when, on the wintry day of February 28, 1797, a baby girl was born. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon named her Mary.

Mary's father was a good man, for he loved God and he also loved his fellow men. Whenever disputes arose in the neighborhood and grave quarrels threatened to break out among the sturdy mountaineers, they sent for Mr. Lyon to come and settle the difficulty. They called him "the Peacemaker," and regarded him with the utmost respect.

In the home circle Mary's father set a good example too. He taught his children to love good and hate evil. Often he gathered them about his knees as he sat in front of the blazing logs on the hearth and read to them from the Bible. Then he knelt among them and prayed God to bless them and help them grow up into useful men and women. But he did not live to see the answer to his prayers.

When Mary's father died he left her mother with seven young children and only a small, rocky farm from which to coax a living. "She never can make it," predicted some of the neighbors, sadly shaking their heads. Brave Mrs. Lyon believed that she could, for she remembered God's promise to care for the widows and orphans. In the springtime she went out to the fields with her growing boys and planted crops, just as her husband had planted them year after year. She worked early and late, never complaining, but always encouraging her children to do their best. Somehow, she managed to find time to plant a few flowers in her garden among the vegetables. Their cheery, bright-colored blossoms, which lingered on until frost, always repaid her for the time she had taken with them.

Little Mary was not old enough to help in the field when her father died, but she could keep the younger children at the house and play at mothering them. She could feed them from bowls of milk and bread. She could rock the baby to sleep and tuck him snugly in the cradle. She could watch the hourglass on the mantel and know just when to pick up the scattered playthings from the floor and tidy up the room, so that everything would be looking homey when Mother came in from the field.

Mary seemed eager to learn how to do new

things when she was a little girl, and many were the puzzling questions that she asked about things which she did not understand. Her little mind was always busy, thinking, thinking. One day she heard someone remark, "I need more time to get things done." Mary knew that the hourglass on the mantel measured off the time, and at once she thought, "We'll just have to find a way to make that old glass measure off more time." She climbed onto a chair near the mantel and quietly studied the hourglass. Then, with a grave look on her little face, she turned to her mother and said, "I've found a way *to make more time.*" Her mother then had to explain to her the impossibility of anyone crowding more than sixty seconds into one minute, or sixty minutes into one hour. Changing the hourglass, said she, would not really lengthen time at all.

However busy the season was, Mrs. Lyon always reminded her children on Saturday nights that the next day would be their day of rest. The crops might be ever so rushing, but she could not be persuaded to work on the Lord's Day. She believed that one day out of seven really belonged to him, in which he wanted his people to rest and worship.

The elder Lyon children attended school in the little village not far from home. When Mary grew old enough to enroll she was sent by her mother with the others to begin her education. In only a

few days she had memorized her a-b-c's and was putting them together into words. A few more days and she was putting words together into sentences. Then she was memorizing whole pages of her lessons. Even the numbers which perplexed her little classmates she soon mastered until she could read them easily. By and by she was adding them, subtracting them, dividing them, and multiplying them. Her teacher was amazed. She had never seen such a remarkable child as little Mary.

The terms of school in the village were short, but Mary improved every minute of the time. She advanced far ahead of the classmates with whom she entered the first term, and was soon reading from her elder brother's books. When she was ready to begin the study of grammar she found that the scholars memorized each lesson and recited it orally to the teacher. She set to work, and in four days' time she had memorized the entire textbook. At her first opportunity to recite she astonished the teacher by continuing to repeat page after page, to the very last one.

At home Mary was learning other useful knowledge. With her mother as teacher she learned how to cook a good meal. She also learned how to keep a tidy house, how to wash and iron, and how to spin and weave cloth, and how to sew. Every girl in the neighborhood was taught these things, and Mary knew that her education would not be com-

plete without this knowledge. However much she preferred to study from her books, she cheerfully went about her home duties, performing them well.

At the age of thirteen Mary was left alone to keep house for an older brother on the farm. Her mother had remarried and moved far away to another state, and her brother had agreed to farm the home place if Mary would remain and be his housekeeper. She knew how to cook, wash, iron, and mend, and she could keep the home looking neat. But it required courage for Mary to stay alone all day in the empty house, where never again she would see her mother's face nor hear the voices of those loved ones who went away with her to a new home. No doubt the first days seemed lonely and long, but soon she was busy with her tasks and earning a little extra money by spinning and weaving for the neighbors. Her brother, proud of the little housekeeper, paid her a dollar a week for wages, which was even more than lady schoolteachers usually received then. Mary saved her money to use for buying textbooks, for she was determined to continue her education.

After some time a sister-in-law arrived to take Mary's place as housekeeper on the farm and then she was free to spend more time with her books. First she taught school for a while, earning only seventy-five cents a week and board, but she

saved nearly every penny of it and planned to make it go just as far as possible towards paying her way through a term at the Sanderson Academy the following year.

At last the glad day came when this struggling country girl entered the academy at Ashfield. Here again her wonderful intellect soon attracted the attention of everyone. Her classmates would lay aside their books to hear her recite. "She is a marvel," said the teacher. "I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college."

Colleges did not admit girl students in those days, nor was Mary yet ready to enter college. She longed to be able to study another year at the academy, but at the end of the term she had spent all her savings. Now she realized that she would have to try again to earn some money before she could continue her studies further. With a sigh she packed her plain clothes into her trunk and prepared to leave.

Then something unexpected happened. She was invited by the trustees of the academy to remain and enjoy the advantages of the school without cost for another term. These men had heard about her remarkable ability as a scholar and also that she was being compelled to leave school on account of her lack of money to pay the tuition for another term. They believed that such an un-

usual scholar as Mary Lyon should have an opportunity to improve her scholarship.

Mary was very glad to accept the kind offer of the trustees. Still she faced another difficulty, for she had no money with which to pay for room and board during the term. Then she remembered that among her few possessions were several things dear to the heart of any girl who hoped someday to have a home of her very own. There were the nice warm quilts which she had pieced and quilted all by herself. There were the homespun sheets which she had made. There was some valuable table linen of which any girl might be proud. These articles she showed to her landlady, who agreed to accept them in exchange for her room and board through the next term.

After making these arrangements, Mary set to work harder than ever with her lessons. She feared this might be her last opportunity to attend school, and she wanted to learn everything that was being taught at the academy. Early and late she studied, taking but little time to eat her meals and sleeping only four hours out of twenty-four. None of her classmates kept up with her, for none of them shared her intense hunger for knowledge.

Now everybody at the academy began to marvel at the unusual mental power of Mary Lyon. They talked about it on the school grounds and on the streets of the village. Soon the news of this

surprising pupil spread to neighboring villages, and by the end of the term several schools were eager to engage her services as teacher.

But while Mary was teaching others she felt that she needed to learn still more herself. At the end of the term she used her money to continue studying. Even though she could not enroll as a college student she decided to learn everything she could that was being taught in colleges. If the best she could do would be to pay for private lessons from learned professors, she would do that.

Sometimes while Mary struggled along with a lesson now and then from some kind professor, she felt very unhappy. She knew that if she were a young man she might secure a scholarship and work her way through any one of the best colleges in the country. Just because she happened to be a young woman, however much she longed for knowledge, she did not have the least opportunity to gain a scholarship. When she thought about the unfairness of this matter she often cried bitterly. She decided after a while that it was foolish to waste her time crying over her unhappy lot when she might better spend that time trying to make someone else happy. So she resolved to cultivate a cheerful, hopeful spirit.

After Mary had spent several years studying and working, first here, then there, one day she received an invitation to come back to the Sander-

son Academy at Ashfield and become one of the instructors. She went, and soon people were praising her ability as a teacher, for she won the hearts of her pupils and understood how to impart knowledge to them. Now she felt happy, because she had a part in helping others in their search after knowledge.

Mary could not forget her disappointment in being denied the privilege of attending college. She believed that girls could benefit by a college education as well as boys. She met other young women whose disappointment had been as bitter as her own, and she decided that girls should have college privileges if she had to build a college herself.

There was no other way. The old, established colleges refused to change their customs. Their leaders refused to consider the advantages which girls might receive from a more complete education. So Mary Lyon, with a rare courage, set about to establish the first girl's college in the United States of America.

Mary did not undertake this matter impulsively. Having no money with which to build a college, she first prayed about it for a long time, asking her heavenly Father to help her act wisely. She did not want to start some unheard-of undertaking just to have people talk about her. Neither did she covet fame. But she did earnestly want to give to girls in future generations the opportunity to

share with their brothers in the advantages gained by receiving a thorough education.

For several years Mary prayed and planned as she taught in the schoolroom; then she resigned her position as teacher and spent her time going from house to house talking with parents about the proposed college for girls. In this way she raised enough money to buy land on which to build the school. By and by other capable persons, becoming interested in the plan, helped her raise enough money to erect the buildings.

In the autumn of 1837 Mount Holyoke Seminary, the new college for girls, was ready for pupils. And Mary Lyon, the earnest, untiring young woman who had dreamed of its existence and labored so long and so hard to make her dream come true, became the principal of the Seminary.

Twelve happy years passed by, during which two thousand young women came and went as students at Mount Holyoke. Many of the graduates became missionaries or teachers. The influence of the school was kept religious, for its leader was a godly woman. Every term of school felt the stirring effects of a revival, and many unconverted girls found their Savior while attending the Seminary.

But every noble life finally passes off the stage of worldly action and so, at the age of fifty-two years, Mary Lyon lay on her deathbed awaiting the end.

As her pastor bent over her, seeing that she made an effort to speak but could not, he said, "God can be glorified by silence." A smile of understanding lit up her face for a moment; then she closed her weary eyes to earth's scenes forever. She was buried on the Seminary grounds, near the spot where she had poured out her life's energy in a noble effort to encourage other women to do their best.

Story XII

THE GIRL WHO FORGOT TO BE AFRAID

"A Christmas baby at the Bartons"—this was the news which spread through a certain New England neighborhood in the winter of 1821, when little Clara was born. The Bartons were farmers, living several miles from Oxford, Massachusetts, and their family of boys and girls were nearly all grown up when the baby sister was born. No one realized that the new member of the household—this wee bundle of squirming humanity—would someday grow up and become a famous citizen of her country.

Because she had no playmates in her early childhood, little Clara often watched others at their work and learned from them how to do simple tasks. She found more joy in helping others by running errands and doing little chores than in playing alone. Always she would hurry back and ask more questions, hoping to find something else to do.

When the weather was warm and sunny Clara enjoyed being out of doors. The one person she liked best of all to follow about his work was her big brother David. He was seldom too busy to

take her along with him, and sometimes he allowed her to help him drop potatoes down the long rows, or hold the lines as they drove the wagon across the fields. He would take her with him on horseback when he rode to the pasture after the cows. He would try to answer her funny little questions in a kind, big-brotherly manner.

Clara was such an eager little helper that David taught her how to do many things. He taught her how to drive a nail straight, how to tie a knot that would hold, and one evening he taught her how to milk a cow. Clara felt happy when he praised her for learning so quickly everything he tried to teach. One day he placed her in the saddle all alone and taught her how to ride a horse.

More and more Clara enjoyed being out of doors when she learned how to ride well on horseback by herself. Now she could bring the cows from pasture alone, and she could carry messages across the field in a hurry. No one would have guessed, to see the little five-year-old girl dash away on the wildest pony in her father's pasture, that she knew the meaning of fear.

But at heart little Clara was timid and afraid. The world seemed so great and mysterious, and the people seemed so hard to understand. They did not talk in terms of child knowledge, and often their sayings perplexed her. When strangers came on the place she shrank away out of sight, for she

felt afraid of them. Then there were the awful thunderstorms in summer—how she trembled as she crouched in the darkest corner alone, trying to hide! Sometimes, strange as it may seem, Clara felt afraid of her own little self, for there were no other little children near with whom she could romp and play and whose feelings she could understand. After all, the carefree little girl who often raced madly across the New England hills on her fleet-footed pony was not always happy.

Clara's father had been a soldier in the great Revolutionary War. When his baby girl grew old enough to beg for "more stories, Papa," he would take her on his knee and tell her about the time when he went out to fight against the enemy and help gain independence for his country. He would tell about his daring leader, Mad Anthony Wayne, who led him into many a battle. He would tell of the clouds of black smoke which rose over the battlefields and how the hills and woodlands re-echoed with the report of their flintlock guns. Then the birds would leave their nests in fright, and the furry woodland folk would rush pell-mell, here and there, trying to find places of safety. Little Clara would listen with solemn eyes, and then she would ask, "What happened to the men who got shot, Papa?" And he would shake his head sadly and reply, "Alas, my little daughter, I cannot tell; for we had to leave them while we chased the

Redcoats away from our beloved land." Clara would shudder as she cuddled up closer in her father's strong arms, for she would think about the suffering men who had no one to wash their wounds, no one to bring them a drink of cool water, and no one to offer them a bit of comfort in their dying hour.

Two miles up the road from the Barton home stood a country schoolhouse. There Clara learned how to overcome some of her shyness, for she enrolled as a pupil when she grew old enough to venture out alone. Both summer and winter terms of school she attended, while the wonders of the book world began to unfold before her eager mind. Then she studied for a while at home, with her teacher brother for instructor. She learned her lessons well, and she also learned how to sympathize with other children, for now she understood that children think and feel different from their elders. This helped her to be kind and patient with other children when she became a schoolteacher herself.

When Clara was eleven years old, one day her big brother David fell from a tall building and injured himself. The men with whom he was working carried him home, and there he was placed in a clean, white bed to get well. But instead of getting well he grew worse, and for two years he suffered as an invalid. Clara remembered the kind

things he used to do for her when she was a tiny girl following him about the place, and now she asked permission to become his nurse. Day after day she smoothed his pillow, brought him cool water from the well when he was thirsty, and entertained him by reading stories from her schoolbooks or by telling him the happenings about the farm. She willingly denied herself the pleasure of many horseback rides just to stay in his sickroom and try to make him comfortable.

After David recovered from his invalidism Clara decided to become a schoolteacher. She studied harder than ever and learned everything that was taught in the country schoolhouse. Then, although still a very young girl, she lengthened her dresses, wound her hair in neat coils about her head, and pretended to be quite grown up, for she wished to teach the neighborhood school. "We will let her try," agreed the members of the school board, although they knew she was not yet sixteen years old. And in trying Clara succeeded, for she won the love of the children and the respect of the big, rude boys who used to make trouble in the schoolroom. They found out that she was not cross or unreasonable, but that she had the courage to demand of them an honest effort to learn. Soon they quit trying to provoke her, as they had done former teachers; for they liked her frank, earnest manner and were glad to treat her as a friend.

Clara saved her small earnings until she had enough money laid aside to pay her way through a school in Clinton, New York. After graduating from that school she went still farther from home, to open a free school for girls and boys in Bordentown, New Jersey. She began teaching there in a tumble-down building with only six pupils. "Everyone is welcome, rich or poor," said she, and after a few weeks passed she had more pupils than the room would hold. At the end of the year a free school building was erected, and five hundred children enrolled to attend the first term. Clara was asked to be the principal of the school, and she continued to teach there for a number of years. Perhaps she thought she would teach school all the rest of her lifetime, for she loved children and understood how to encourage them in well-doing.

Clara could do other things just as well as she could teach in a schoolroom. She understood business and could straighten out tangles in figures as well as in false play on the school ground. When she went to Washington, D.C., to visit relatives and take a rest from teaching, she was asked to help straighten out some tangles in the Patent Office. All the other clerks were men, and they were displeased when she came to work among them. They feared she would discover the mistakes they had made, and were unkind to her, thinking that such treatment would soon cause her to quit.

Clara paid no attention to their unkind actions and went on strictly with her duties. Soon she traced the tangles back to some of their mistakes, and then the rude clerks were dismissed, and she was asked to continue as a worker in the Patent Office.

While Clara was at work there the great Civil War broke out. Soon the roar of cannons could be heard, and black clouds of smoke could be seen rising above the battlefields near Washington. Clara remembered the stories her father used to tell about his soldier life. She remembered, too, the sadness which used to steal into her heart when she thought of the wounded men who died without anyone to comfort them on the bloody battlegrounds. Now she knew this same horrible thing was happening again, and she felt a great longing to help the wounded men.

At her first opportunity Clara visited an army hospital, where doctors and nurses were caring for the sufferers who were brought in from the battlefield. Some of them had been left so long that they were nearly dead when at last they reached the hospital. Clara felt that they had suffered needlessly, and she decided that help should be sent to other wounded men on the battlefields directly, just as soon as the smoke would clear away enough for wounded men to be found. Because the doctors and nurses were unwilling to go nearer the danger line than the army

hospitals, for a while Clara had to be content with taking provisions in a boat up the Potomac River to the sufferers and bringing back as many of the wounded as the boat could accommodate. Only a few could she relieve in this way, but as long as the fighting continued along the shores of the Potomac she bravely rowed her boat across the water and back again, risking the fire from the guns.

After a while the battle front drew away from the river. Then Clara begged permission to follow the cannons and be ready to minister help as soon as the fight would end. Her aged father had encouraged her to attempt this great work, and with tears in her eyes she pleaded for the privilege, saying, "My father was a soldier." Finally, quite contrary to army regulations, she was allowed to take a supply of bandages and other necessities and pitch her tent with the regular army drawn up for battle.

On these bloody fields Clara began her great lifework. Although a timid little woman, she forgot her own fears in her eagerness to relieve the sufferings of others. She bound up ugly wounds, bathed fevered brows, and cooled parched lips from her own canteen. Day after day she worked, and often far into the night. Sometimes she traveled on horseback, sometimes in an army wagon; but

on and on she went, keeping at the battle front with her first aid to the wounded.

Once when no food supplies had been sent, Clara found that the medicine bottles had been packed in fine meal, so she borrowed several big kettles from a farmhouse near by and cooked the meal to serve to her half-starved patients until other supplies reached them. She did not hesitate to go with her own throat parched and her face blackened by sulphurous smoke to answer the groans of a dying soldier. She ministered to all alike, whatever uniform they wore, for she sympathized with suffering humanity, not just with the men who fought in the cause which she believed to be right. No wonder she was called the "Angel of the Battlefield."

Although Clara risked her life on sixteen battlefields during the Civil War, not once was she injured. Often her clothing was torn by shells, and once when she stooped to lift the head of a wounded soldier a bullet whizzed between her arm and her body, instantly killing the man. So near she followed the horrible trail of death, but always she escaped when risking her own life to save others who, left unattended, would have died.

After the War ended, Clara spent several years helping to trace missing soldiers. Many letters came to her from mothers whose sons had been killed and who wished to learn where their bodies

lay buried. Clara helped to identify and mark the graves of about nine thousand soldiers. She answered bushels of letters—bushel sacks full of them—and returned many keepsakes to mothers and wives and sweethearts which had been given to her by dying men.

When at last this sad task was finished Clara felt quite worn out. She went to Europe to rest and to try to forget the misery she had seen. There again she was called by the cruel demands of war to bind up more wounds and comfort other sufferers, for the Franco-Prussian war began to rage. Clara found that there were Red Cross societies in Europe to whom permission was given to care for the wounded and dying on any battlefield. She was pleased with the good work of this society and wished that her own people in America would organize such a society, too.

Clara returned to America full of enthusiasm to organize a Red Cross society in her native land. She talked to everyone whom she met about the wonderful work which the Red Cross accomplished in Europe. To her great surprise and disappointment, few people seemed interested.

"We shall never have another war," many told her when she talked about the benefits of such a society.

"But we may have disasters," she would reply, "and people who suffer from flood, or from famine,

or earthquake, or from any other calamity are just as needy and deserving of our organized interest and ready relief as are soldiers on a battlefield."

After years of waiting and working Clara finally convinced the people that an American Red Cross society would be a worthy organization. She was chosen to serve as its first president and remained in that office until she was an old, old lady, retiring at the age of eighty-three years. She lived on at her Red Cross home in Glen Echo, Maryland, until April 12, 1912, where she died, just two years before the first world war called forth the best efforts of all the Red Cross societies to minister to the needs of sufferers from both hemispheres.

Story XIII

THE GIRL WHO BECAME THE PRIDE OF HER COUNTRY

The American children who proudly sing: "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land . . . of thee I sing," are not the only children in the world who love the land of their birth better than any other land under the broad expanse of sky. Little Marie Sklodowska, the heroine of our story, was born in Warsaw, Poland, on November 7, 1867, and grew up with all the pride of her country glowing in her warm heart. Although Poland fell a prey to the greed of neighboring countries and was torn to pieces by them, the Polish people remained loyal in heart to their own nation and looked hopefully forward to the time when they would be reunited again under one flag.

Marie was still a small child when her mother died, leaving their home a desolate place indeed. True, there remained a sister, a brother, and an adorable father, but none of these could take the place of Mother in the home. Marie cared less and less about staying at home; neither did she wander up and down the streets, like a little gypsy child, unloved and forsaken. Every morning after finish-

ing her breakfast she put on her coat and cap, and hurried out of the door to go as fast as her feet would carry her, to her father's laboratory. Here she felt quite contented and happy, forgetting the great loss which had saddened her little heart. More than anything else, Marie enjoyed watching her father and asking questions about his work. She learned how to handle the test tubes and other delicate instruments with proper care, and soon her father allowed her to assist him. He called her an invaluable little helper and praised her for doing so well the little things which he requested. Work with her father meant to Marie what play means to the average child, and she reveled in it from morning until evening.

Recognizing her unusual love for science, Marie's father encouraged her in that line of study. But he knew that she needed to be taught along other lines too if she hoped someday to become a scientist. When she grew old enough to enter the schoolroom he sent her there to study lessons from books, just as other children were doing.

Patriotic little Marie was displeased when the teacher said there could be no lessons in the Polish language. By order of the Russian government, into whose hands that part of Poland fell a prey, the children were forced to study the Russian language in school. They were not allowed to speak in the Polish language to their teachers.

Neither were they allowed to read the literature of their own nation nor to study its sad history. Police were stationed everywhere through the city to see that the orders of the Russian government were obeyed. No wonder that the Polish citizens of Warsaw were unhappy. As Marie grew older she understood better the distress of her countrymen and shared the bitter resentment which loyal Polish people felt toward the oppressing nation.

Many young Polish students in the Warsaw University felt that the Russian government was trying to crush out their love of Poland. They loved their own country and longed to see it freed from the rule of an unsympathetic, domineering nation. Some of them decided to plan a revolution and make an attempt to regain their independence. They knew they were taking a great risk, for if their plans would be exposed they would be punished terribly. They knew the Russian government had no patience with revolutionists, and that even innocent persons had been suspected of disloyalty to their orders and had been cruelly punished. Still they dared to proceed with their plans.

When Marie grew old enough to take an interest in public affairs she joined the student body of revolutionists. She knew that a woman revolutionist would receive no more mercy from the Russian government than would a man, and that

her sufferings might be greater if she should be found out. But knowing this did not frighten her into submission.

One day the ever-watchful police heard about the students' plan. And Marie was told that they were likely to seize her with other suspects and banish her to faraway Siberia. Not wishing to fall into the hands of the Russian government, Marie decided to leave Warsaw at once. She said good-by to her dear father and to her friends and started away to Cracow, the city which had been the capital of ancient Poland. There she knew she would be safe. There she could continue her education and enjoy the privilege of studying Polish literature and history to her heart's content.

After leaving Warsaw, Marie decided to go on to Paris, France, where she could have greater opportunities to study science than could be offered elsewhere. She knew she would be farther from her beloved home, and away from her countrymen, among people who spoke a different language than the one with which she had been familiar since childhood. But her love of science led her to venture bravely into this strange city and choose to remain there as a student.

Marie found that her traveling expenses had quite emptied her purse, leaving no money to pay her way through school. A less courageous girl would have given up in despair, but Marie was

not easily discouraged. She rented a small back room on the fifth floor of a tenement house and there, with only the most necessary articles of furniture, she set up housekeeping alone. She knew how to keep her living expenses as low as possible. Three times a day—when she ate three meals—she dined on bread and milk, and thus she managed to keep her grocery bill down to ten cents a day. She grew so accustomed to this simple fare that she lost her appetite for meats.

Marie did not like the idea of having to carry all her fuel up four flights of stairs to keep her little room warm during the winter months. She did not find a great amount of amusement in doing private tutoring just to earn a few cents to pay her expenses. But she was determined to study science, and she knew that her only hope of doing this lay in her struggling through poverty, day after day. So she kept up the struggle and sought other part-time tasks where she could earn a little money. Finally she was given the work of preparing the furnace and washing bottles at the Sorbonne.

Whatever Marie undertook she tried to do well. She was glad to find these new opportunities for work right in the school. Although washing bottles might not be as interesting as making experiments in the laboratory, she did her work thoroughly and in a good-natured manner. Because she performed each simple task assigned her with

skill and ease, the headmaster of the physical science department, Gabriel Lippmann, became attracted to her. He saw that this Polish girl was determined to succeed and he wished to encourage her to keep on. He asked Marie about her home life before she came to Paris. Then he wrote a letter to her father, who was still living in Warsaw, and told him what a diligent worker his daughter was. He said also that she would be a promising student in the school of science and that her father might well be proud of her.

While studying in Paris, Marie met another earnest student of science, Pierre Curie, who was one of Lippmann's most brilliant pupils. Like Marie, this young man was poor and was struggling through hardships in order to study in the school of science. Day after day these young people worked together, and a warm acquaintance sprang up between them. They were interested in the same line of work, which they loved to do better than anything else in the world. And after a while they became interested in each other.

Although Pierre Curie had little to offer a wife except his wholehearted affection, Marie Sklodowska married him in 1895, and they lived happily together. They knew how to live cheaply and how to be contented with a simple home, bare of decorations. They spent much of their time in the laboratory, and Marie continued her studies, for

she had not yet graduated from the school. At the end of three years she took the examination for a degree and proved that she was a brilliant scholar.

After her marriage Marie was called Madame Curie. After completing the required work in the classrooms, she devoted more of her time to the work of science. She became interested in some experiments which other scientists had made, and she believed that those experiments should be carried on still further. She set to work at the task and was delighted to find that she was making new discoveries in the world of science. For a while she worked alone without receiving aid from anyone else, but when the work became too great, her husband left his tasks to assist her. Together they toiled day after day, coming nearer and nearer to the discovery of an unknown element which had baffled scientists for many years. They began their experiments with a ton of ore that the Austrian government had presented to them from its extensive mines in Bohemia. Such a large quantity of material they could not handle in the laboratory, so they began the process of separating it into its different elements in a factory. Then they were able to experiment with the separate elements in the usual manner, returning to the laboratory to carry on this work.

Like all true scientists, Madame Curie was very patient. She continued her experiments for years,

believing that someday she would discover the mysterious element which would open up new and greater possibilities to the world of science. In the end she was repaid for her long, hard work, for in 1910 she succeeded in coaxing out of its hiding place in the mineral substance a powerful element which she named radium. Little by little she accomplished this great feat. All the while she had known that the powerful radioactive substance containing the radium existed somewhere in the minerals, but no scientist had been able to separate it in its pure state. No scientist had even been able to trace it to its hiding place in the mineral.

During the years Madame Curie had worked quietly at her task, but when she made the great discovery known to the world she became famous at once. Noted scientists everywhere sought to make her acquaintance and wished to hear her lecture.

Although her long, hard struggle with poverty now came to an end, Madame Curie had no thought of settling down in luxury and idleness. She continued her experiments for seven years longer before she finally separated the pure radium from the radioactive substance in which it was hidden.

Because of her painstaking labor and skill Madame Curie was twice honored with the Nobel Prize, which is the highest mark of distinction that can come to any scientist. She was also appointed

chief of the laboratory in the department of science at the Sorbonne, which was especially created for her husband. He, too, had distinguished himself as a scientist, and was honored by the school where he had long been a student. After his death Madame Curie succeeded to the chair he held in the great school and delivered lectures which were attended by noted persons from all parts of Europe.

We must not think that Madame Curie had no interest in the usual accomplishments of women. She did not spend all her time at the laboratory making experiments with her tools. She also kept house for her husband and two little girls, and during the years of their poverty she solved the servant problem by doing all the work herself. She took time to make her children's clothes and to wash and iron them as painstakingly as any other mother would. She permitted her little daughters to accompany her to the laboratory, just as she used to go to her father's laboratory.

Although Madame Curie married a Frenchman and made her home in France, she continued to cherish in her heart a love for her native country. She retained her deep interest in its struggle for freedom and rejoiced when the old-new country, after long years of struggling, came again into its own right. Poland, in its turn, feels proud of the fact that it gave birth to such a distinguished woman as Marie Sklodowska Curie.

Story XIV

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO GREW UP TO DO BIG THINGS

Another day was nearly spent, and little Susan, hugging to her breast her homemade dolly, stood in her accustomed place near the window, watching the sun slip out of sight behind "Old Greylock." Every evening she ran to the window to gaze on that noble mountain peak with its summit bathed in the sunset glory. And every evening she felt anew the joy and strength which beauty can breathe into the heart of a little child.

There among the Berkshire Hills, near the sleepy little village of Adams, Massachusetts, one cold day in the middle of February, 1820, Susan Brownell, the second daughter of Daniel and Lucy Anthony, was born. There for six years she lived to enjoy the wealth of scenery which surrounds her birthplace. Other things, too, she enjoyed; for with her little sisters, Guelma and Hannah, and their baby brother, Daniel, for playmates, and with homemade dolls and broken bits of dishes for toys, she spent a happy childhood.

From those early childhood days Susan cherished the memory of visits to the homes of her grand-

parents, who lived near by. There was Grandmother Read, whose home the children passed each day on their way to and from school. Susan and Guelma were always in a hurry to start early for school, not because they wished to be the first to arrive at the schoolroom, but because they knew that if they started in plenty of time they might stop for a few minutes at Grandmother's house. She would be sure to give them a taste of her fresh cheese curd and a sip of her homemade "coffee." In spite of their good, warm breakfast at home, these little girls seemed to think that a lunch at Grandmother's house tasted better than anything else. And no less attractive was Grandmother Anthony's house; for there in the closet beneath the parlor stairs the tub containing maple sugar was kept, and the children had free access to it. When they started for home they always were loaded with apples or doughnuts or caraway cakes, or something equally as delicious.

When the big green wagon with the two fine horses came all the distance from Battenville, New York, to carry them away to a new home, it was no wonder that the little girls were teary-eyed when they climbed aboard with their mother and baby Daniel. Their grandmothers, teary-eyed too, were being left behind!

With a loving mother and a kind, sympathetic father, the children soon found that their home life

continued the same as before, although in the midst of strange surroundings. At first they were dreadfully frightened to see dark-skinned men and women who were slaves of some of the villagers. There had been no slaves near their childhood home in Massachusetts, and they had never seen Negroes before. Now the great, wide world surrounding the Berkshire Hills was beginning to unfold its greater mysteries to them, and they were discovering new interests every day.

Susan's father was a cotton manufacturer and a merchant. Because he had grown so successful in Adams, Massachusetts, he had been invited to come to Battenville, New York, and do a bigger business as a manufacturer and merchant. When first he set up business there his partner was disappointed to learn that he refused to sell liquor in his store. "The farmers will not trade here if you refuse to furnish liquor for them," said his partner. "Then they will have to trade elsewhere," replied Susan's father. He stocked his shelves with the best goods and advertised them at the lowest prices, and when the farmers learned that he was honest and believed in square dealing they gladly patronized his store. In the factory, the sawmill, and the gristmill he refused to employ workers who drank to excess, and he organized a temperance society in the town. Susan learned from her father's attitude that intemperance is one of the

greatest evils to which the human race is subject.

As the Anthony girls grew older, sometimes they were permitted to visit the factory and spend hours watching the employees at work. By and by they felt certain that they could do the work quite as well as the regular hands. Then one day an employee fell sick and there was no one to take her place at the "spooler." Susan and her younger sister Hannah were both eager to act as a substitute until the sick girl recovered. Their father, who believed that all honest toil is good, consented to let them draw straws and decide in that way which one should go. "The winner," said he, "must be willing to divide her earnings with the loser, for both of you want to do the work." Susan drew the lucky straw, so she spent two weeks as a factory worker, operating the "spooler." Her wages for this time amounted to three dollars, and according to their agreement she gave half the amount to her sister. Then instead of spending what was left of her earnings upon herself she bought half a dozen pale blue cups and saucers which her mother had admired in the store and presented them to her.

Susan's mother was a very busy woman. Her family now consisted of six children, and she boarded nearly a dozen brickmakers and factory hands. She taught her young daughters how to become neat housekeepers and good cooks. One

time when Susan was only twelve years old Mrs. Anthony took sick, and during her illness the three girls did the housework and packed lunches in the dinner pails of the workmen just as carefully as their mother had done.

In the village of Battenville was an old-fashioned school taught in winter by a man and in the summer by a woman. Schoolteachers received so little pay for their services that free school education was not given much consideration. The Anthony children attended the public school when they first came to the village, and Susan advanced rapidly in her studies. When she was ready to begin long division her teacher refused to enroll her in the class. "Girls do not need to know so much about mathematics," he said. Susan did not agree with him. She felt unhappy because she was being refused the privilege of studying whatever she preferred, just because she happened to be a girl. Her father, hearing of the difficulty, felt sorry for Susan. He wanted his children to learn all they could from books, and he saw that the instructors in the village school could not teach them all they might wish to learn. Then he furnished a large room in his new brick store for a schoolroom and hired an educated teacher to instruct his children. There no partiality was shown to boy students, and Susan was happy.

In her father Susan always found an understand-

ing friend. When she wanted to teach summer school at the age of fifteen, he consented. Some people criticized him for allowing her to work, because he was wealthy. But he believed that all young people should be encouraged to become self-supporting, and he allowed his daughters, as well as his sons, to choose their occupations. As a teacher Susan received only a dollar a week and her board, but she felt that she was doing something worth while in the world. Two years later she taught a winter term of school and received $1.50 a week, boarding around in the homes of her pupils. The next year she went with her sister Guelma to a boarding school near Philadelphia.

Unhappy hours now came to Susan, for she had never been so far from home before. Her teacher, a grave Quaker lady, did not understand the natural longings of a young girl for wholesome fun, and often she criticized Susan severely. One day, without intending to do it at all, Susan committed quite an outrage in the schoolroom. She saw cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, and cobwebs, she had been taught, are quite out of place in a well-kept house. Thinking to please her teacher, at the recess period she took a broom and began to brush them down. Some which she could not reach were hanging above the teacher's desk, so she climbed onto the desk and was wielding the broom quite vigorously when "snap!" went a hinge, and the

desk broke beneath her weight. Instead of thanks, she received a severe scolding and found herself more in the teacher's disfavor than before.

In spite of these unpleasant happenings Susan kept bravely on with her lessons. She longed to learn everything that books could teach her, and she was a diligent student. Like some other girls in that time, she was much displeased because girl students were not admitted to colleges. She longed to make the best of educational opportunities offered by the boarding school, even though her teacher seemed unreasonable and severe.

Her father's failure in business prevented Susan from continuing her studies at the boarding school longer than one year. She returned home in time to see everything, even her mother's silver wedding spoons, collected to be sold in order to pay off her father's debt.

"This is not fair," cried Susan indignantly. "Why should Mother's things be sold to pay off Father's debt? Has she no right to her own possessions?"

"The law demands it," came the reply.

"Then," declared Susan, "the law ought to be changed."

Susan now began to teach school in earnest, for she wished to earn all she could to help the family; but although she was a capable teacher she received only one-fourth as much salary as was being paid to men who taught school. Again Susan felt

indignant. "It is not right," said she, "that women whose work is just as good or better than men's should receive only one-fourth as much wages." From that time she began to think much about the unfairness done to women. And she determined to correct this wrong.

All her lifetime Susan had been a wide-awake, intelligent girl, taking an interest in everything about her which concerned the welfare of humanity. She shared her father's sympathy for the slaves who toiled in the cotton fields of the South and was glad when President Lincoln proclaimed their freedom. She also shared her father's conviction that intemperance is a great evil, and while teaching school she was asked to make her first public address in a temperance meeting. She knew that other thoughtful people were becoming stirred to fight against these wrongs too, but few seemed to be awakening to the needs of more consideration for women. Susan felt that women were not granted as much right as the freed slaves. There was no law of the state or of the nation to offer protection to a drunkard's wife, however cruelly he might treat her. Married women, she learned, had no property rights at all, according to law. "Something must be done about this," declared Susan emphatically.

When the People's College was about to be founded at Seneca Falls, New York, Susan re-

membered how earnestly she had longed to share college privileges with her brothers. She knew other girls desired a good education just as much as she did, and she went to that city to urge the admission of girl students into the new college. While there she met other women who felt troubled as she did about the unfair laws of the country. With them she began the great work of her lifetime, trying to modify those laws and obtain for womankind their full rights as citizens of the United States of America.

Susan's task proved to be more difficult than she realized, for it is never easy to change long-established customs, and this is what she was attempting to do. However, she was a brave girl, not afraid to protest against what she believed to be wrong. The mere fact that wrong customs had prevailed for ages did not make them seem any less wrong. She believed that the time had come for people to see the matter as she did. Now she gave up her work of teaching school and began to travel from city to city, lecturing on the need of woman's rights. She spoke in crowded halls, in churches, or wherever she was given an audience, and by and by she became one of the noted speakers of the century. Her lecture tours sometimes kept her away from home for months at a time, and she traveled from coast to coast.

Though she did not see results at once, Susan

did not give up in discouragement. She drafted the Federal Suffrage Amendment, which gives women the privilege to vote, nearly fifty years before that amendment became a part of the Constitution of the United States. By her untiring efforts she helped to correct the inconsideration shown to women. She lived to see the time when college doors swung open to girls as well as to boys, when married women's property rights were considered, and when women wage earners were no longer regarded as unworthy to receive as much for their services as men. Before the close of her life girls might fit themselves to become doctors, lawyers, businesswomen, or anything they chose to be. This was quite a contrast to conditions which ambitious girls met when she was born. Then only the three occupations of servant, factory worker, and teacher were open to them, and none paid more than the barest living wage.

Susan B. Anthony was one of the greatest friends the women of the United States of America ever had. During her lifetime she was often misunderstood. Many unkind things were said about her, and she suffered rude treatment. But always she kept on trying to do what she believed to be right and bravely letting others know about her convictions.

Story XV

THE GIRL WHO HELPED WHERE OTHERS HINDERED

Late in the eighteenth century there lived in England a well-to-do family consisting of a Quaker father, a Quaker mother, and several Quaker children. Seven of these children were girls; one was a boy.

Now, the Quakers were very devout people, very religious, very sincere. They dressed in plain colors and wore no ornaments. They cared nothing at all about attending places of worldly amusement, and thought a great deal about trying to please the heavenly Father. They believed that God expected them in this world to get ready to live in the next world, and that is why they were so careful to renounce sin and its pleasures. Because they dressed plainly and lived so carefully the Quakers were often ridiculed by their neighbors. Still these earnest people kept right on doing what they believed would please God.

John Gurney, the well-to-do Quaker father, was a businessman. He did business in a big way, and because he was honest and agreeable other businessmen liked to deal with him. People who were

not businessmen liked to deal with John Gurney too. There were the poor people whom he had befriended, and the ignorant people whom he had helped, and the wretched people whose misery he had relieved. They loved him and respected him.

John Gurney's wife was a noble Christian woman. She was pleased to have her husband help others. She, too, was kind to everyone. No wonder, then, that their daughters began, when they were still small children, to think about the needs of other people and try to make them happy.

Elizabeth, their third child, was born at Warwick, England, on May 21, 1780. In the beautiful home at Earlham Hall she grew from babyhood into childhood and youth. There she learned how to live and love and work and play. With six sisters and one brother she had plenty of playmates right at home, but better than any of them she loved her dear mother. Often during her frail childhood she felt the comfort of her mother's love and care. "What would I do without Mother?" she used to wonder when she was ill. A great fear stole into her heart, a fear that she might not always have her mother to love and care for her. Instead of remaining out of doors and romping with the other children, little Elizabeth often crept into the house on tiptoe in midafternoon when her mother was taking a nap, to sit by her bedside

and watch carefully to see if she still were breathing.

As a child Elizabeth understood how it felt to be afraid in the dark. Her bedroom was off upstairs, and when the hour came for little folks to troop off to bed she had to go to her room in the dark. There were no electric lights in all of England then, and Earlham Hall, although a beautiful home, had no lighting system as we know it today. True, there were flickering candles, but her well-meaning father believed that it was nonsense for a child to be afraid in the dark. He had never been afraid, and he did not know how such a fear can torture a child. He thought that by sending her to bed in the dark she would soon learn that harm is not hiding in the darkness, but he did not know how much she suffered before she learned this hard lesson.

Elizabeth found book lessons almost as distasteful as some hard lessons of experience. She did not like to study, but she knew that her mother expected her to learn how to read, write, spell, and do sums, just as the other children were doing. To please her mother she paid attention to her books. She was never a brilliant scholar, but she continued to study until she received a good education.

One of the books which Elizabeth came to appreciate was the Bible. When she could read for

herself she often read the beautiful stories of Jesus. She read of his kind deeds to the poor and sick and despised people who lived about him. And she believed that he wanted people who call themselves Christians to be kind and loving too. She saw how cheerfully and how lovingly her parents performed their acts of charity toward the poor in their neighborhood, and sometimes she asked to have a part in their good deeds. Right at home with her sisters and brother she tried to be unselfish and loving, and gentle, like Jesus.

When Elizabeth was only twelve years old the great fear which had haunted her really happened. Her mother died. Now in the time of her sorrow she felt comforted when she remembered that always she had tried to please her mother. She was glad because she had tried to learn the lessons which her mother taught. She wanted to grow up to become a noble woman, as her mother had been, so she tried to be ladylike, studious, and thoughtful of others.

Elizabeth was a sensible child and did her own thinking. She believed she should do right because it was right and not merely because somebody said so. She liked to think things through for herself. When she did not agree with other people's opinions she was called stubborn, but through this habit of independent thinking she prepared herself

for the great work which she carried on so successfully after she grew up.

It seemed easy for the Gurney sisters to drift away from some of the careful Quaker customs after their mother died. They entered into the gaieties of their youthful friends and began to wear clothes that did not look one bit Quakerlike. They were not always regular in their attendance at religious services, either; but they continued to do kind deeds to the poor, just as they had been taught from their earliest childhood. Merely doing kind deeds, however, did not bring peace to Elizabeth's heart nor quiet to her troubled conscience. She felt that God was very far away and that he disapproved of her pride and indifference. She felt that she needed true religion.

Then one day when Elizabeth was past her middle teens a devout minister came to preach at her home church. Because he had come all the way from America, Elizabeth and her sisters were curious to see and hear him. So they went, all seven of them, and sat together in a row. How un-Quakerlike they looked, with their frilly dresses! The members of the congregation saw them and shook their heads sadly. The minister looked straight at them and preached against the sin of pride and worldliness. Elizabeth, listening, felt that he was talking directly to her. Down in her heart she knew that his words were true, and

tears began to fill her eyes. She went again in the afternoon to hear him, and his sermon sank deep into her soul. Afterwards she had a long, serious talk with him, and he was pleased to find this well-dressed young girl so deeply in earnest. He told her that God would lead her into an important calling if she would obey his Word.

From that day Elizabeth cared no more for sinful pleasures. Soon afterward she went to London to visit friends who were not Quakers, and while there they took her to many places of worldly amusement. They introduced her to distinguished people, and tried in every way to interest her in worldly things. But Elizabeth said to herself, "London is not the place for heartful pleasures." She believed that true satisfaction lies in trying to do worth-while things rather than in trying to have a good time. Although her father was rich, she was not content to live in idleness and luxury.

After returning home Elizabeth decided to find some way to help others. In her home city many poor people lived. In the streets ragged, homeless children could be seen every day who begged for a living or kept themselves alive in a less honorable way. Elizabeth decided to open a school for these little "street Arabs," as they were called, and give them a chance to become respectable. She wanted to teach them the wrong of lying and stealing and the value of right conduct. Soon she had a

class of rough, unruly urchins, seventy in number, who became greatly attached to her. How she managed to control them and influence them for right, no one knew. But she knew the secret lay in her love for them and in her desire to please God by helping others.

At the age of twenty Elizabeth married a Quaker gentleman, Mr. Joseph Fry, who took her to live in London. He knew she found joy in helping unfortunate people, and he was pleased to have her continue this good work. In the great city she found many, many needy people, and soon she was treading the dirtiest alleys in the city slums on missions of mercy to the sick and unfortunate. She had before this time adopted the close cap and kerchief of a Quakeress, and everywhere she went she was recognized as a Christian worker. Sometimes undeserving people pretended that they needed her aid, and deceived her, but never was she harmed by anyone.

A few years later Elizabeth and her husband moved away from London to Plashet, in Essex, where they afterwards made their home. Here again she found opportunities to help people in distress. She opened a school for destitute girls, kept a stock of drygoods on hand to make clothing for them, and provided a soup kitchen for suffering families in the community. She also took time to distribute good literature among the poor people

who could read, and she gave away many Bibles.

One day a Catholic priest asked her to help him in his tremendous task of trying to reform an Irish settlement near by. The people were ungovernable, wretched, and unappreciative of what he had tried to do for them. He said she might try any method she chose, if only she would consent to help. She began her charitable work in "Irish Row" by attending to the sick, clothing the ragged, feeding the hungry, vaccinating the children, and distributing Bibles and religious literature among those who could read. So earnestly and untiringly did she try to instill into the minds and hearts of the people an appreciation of goodness and a love for God, that a great change came over the settlement. The priest gladly acknowledged that Elizabeth Fry had done what he and his religion had failed to do.

During these years of hard work Elizabeth heard tales about the desperate type of criminals who were confined in the Newgate prison. She heard that it was perilous for man or woman to visit them without an armed escort. She wondered whether the statements had been exaggerated and wished very much to investigate the situation. Women as well as men, she knew, were prisoners there, and she longed to reach them with a message of hope and love. One day in company with a few

friends and officers she visited the women prisoners and talked to them.

What Elizabeth saw and heard that day in Newgate filled her heart with a great longing to do reform work among the prisoners there. Many of her friends tried to discourage her from attempting such a task. "Those people are hopeless; you will be wasting your time on them," they said. "You had better work for those who have not fallen so low," others remarked. But the longer Elizabeth thought about the matter the surer she became that she should go and work among those despised, neglected people whom everybody scorned.

When she began her work Elizabeth found conditions which made her heartsick. She found three hundred women and little children crowded together into a small space where they had to live, cook, and sleep in a huddled group of wretchedness. They were given no clothing, and their garments had become filthy and ragged. They had no bedding and no beds on which to sleep. Down on the dirty floor they crouched together through summer and winter, living in idleness and wretchedness and sin. The worst criminals, women found guilty of small offenses, and pinched-faced little children, were thrown together in the same company to live day after day. Into such a place Elizabeth Fry entered, believing that she was doing the will of God.

From her first visit the Quakeress was received gladly by these hardened, hopeless women. No one had taken an interest in them before. She came with kindness, not rebuking them for their wrongdoing, but encouraging them to try to do right. She read to them from the Bible and found that some of them had never heard about such a Book before. She preached simple sermons to them and prayed earnest prayers with them. She brought clothing to them and told the mothers how to care for their neglected children. Everyone loved her, and when she suggested to them one day that they learn how to do knitting, spinning, and sewing to pass their time in worth-while employment and earn a little money, they were overjoyed. She tried the experiment, and in a year's time they had made nearly twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel, earning enough money from the sale of them to help provide themselves with decent clothes. Elizabeth saw that the reform work of providing employment in place of idleness was bringing good results. Little by little she introduced other reforms, and the women responded to them gratefully. Especially did they seem eager to hear her read to them from the Bible, and one of the worst of them asked for a Bible to keep as her very own.

When news spread over England that Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, a Quakeress, had worked a reform in Newgate prison, everybody was surprised. People

came from far and near to see for themselves whether the report was correct. They went away talking about the wonders which they had seen, until the news spread farther and faster. The Queen decided to interview this gracious little Quakeress; so a meeting of the two women was arranged. What a strange meeting it was! The Queen, dressed in all her splendor, and sparkling with diamonds, stood before a quiet little woman dressed in a plain frock and wearing a close cap. While they talked together a crowd of excited people waited outside to cheer, not the Queen, but the one greater than the Queen. "For he that is greatest among you is servant of all."

Elizabeth had not been working just to gain the approval and praise of her fellow men. She was trying to do the will of God. She thought about other prisons in Great Britain, and when the reform work in Newgate became successful she visited other prisons and helped to improve conditions in them. After a while she received invitations from other countries in Europe to come and help solve their prison problems, too. What a busy life she lived!

When the king of Prussia came to England, the only person outside the royal family whom he visited was Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. He considered her the greatest woman in the land and talked long and earnestly with her about the great work she

was carrying on. Members of the royal family from Denmark also visited her and asked how she succeeded in conducting such noble reforms. Everybody from king to convict honored this earnest little woman whose gentleness and zeal for right had made her great.

All through her lifetime, ever since her frail childhood, Elizabeth Fry had never been strong. How she lived to accomplish so much good in prison reforms and to rear a family of noble children besides, we cannot tell. She became the most famous woman in England, and the influence of her Christlike example was felt wherever she went. At the age of sixty-five years she died, leaving a multitude of friends, from prisons to the palace, to mourn their loss.

Story XVI

THE STORYBOOK GIRL

Books, books, books—what a pile of them were lying on the floor of Mr. Alcott's study! Sitting in the midst of them was his little daughter, Louisa May, who had pulled them from the shelves to use in building houses and bridges and towers. "After all," thought this brown-haired little girl, "books are very fine things to play with." When she grew tired of using them as building material there were always pictures on the inside to look at, and pages and pages to mark on with the lead pencil which she found lying idle near her father's account book.

Years later this same little girl, grown to womanhood then, found that books were the kind of blocks which she must use in building for herself a successful career. She began again, not playfully this time, but seriously, until thousands of copies of the books she wrote were printed and sold and read by home-loving girls on both sides of the broad Atlantic.

Louisa May's parents were living in Germantown, Pennsylvania, when on her father's birthday, November 29, 1832, she was born. Two years

later they returned to the New England States and lived in Boston, where for a while her father taught school. With her elder sister, Anna, she was allowed to play out of doors on the Common and to make friends with every child she met. One day while at play she fell into the frog pond and would have been drowned if a colored boy, hearing her cries, had not arrived in time to rescue her. Ever afterwards she felt deeply interested in the dark-skinned race.

When Louisa May was a little girl schoolteachers did not receive much money for their services. Her father's salary was so meager that he could not provide more than the bare necessities for his family. Sometimes the children grew very tired of their simple food. Plain boiled rice without sugar and graham bread without butter or molasses, eaten day after day, cease to tempt one's appetite. An elderly lady who lived near by knew that the Alcott children seldom had sweets to eat, so she saved her piece of pie and cake to give to them. How gleefully the little sisters shared these treats! Nor did they ever forget the kindness of this friend.

One day Mr. Alcott decided to leave Boston and move his family to Concord, where he rented a cottage with a garden full of trees and a large barn in which the children could play. For two years the cottage sheltered the growing Alcotts

and rang with their merry laughter. Louisa and her three sisters were lively children, and they knew how to play together happily. There were neighbor children, also, to share their fun—the little Emersons and the little Hawthornes, whose fathers were both illustrious literary men.

Out in the garden one cold morning the children found a half-starved bird. They picked it up tenderly and carried it into the house to care for as a pet. Louisa May, although only eight years old, wrote this pretty little poem to "The Robin":

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, "Sweet Spring is near."

Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay:
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best.

Louisa May's mother was pleased when she read the verses. "You will grow up a Shakespeare!" she exclaimed. But her little daughter grew up to write more prose stories than rhyme stories.

While living in Concord Mr. Alcott took much time to teach his children. He wrote lessons for them to study and often illustrated the lessons with pen drawings. He permitted them to use the garden for their schoolroom, where they might learn from Nature's open book, as well as from printed pages. He patiently explained the meaning of new

words and chose the kind of stories which children can understand when they read. Often after lessons were done the children ran to the barn to play that they were the characters in the story which they had just read. The neighbor children shared with them in this play, and sometimes all their parents would visit the barn and witness such exciting performances as Jack cutting down the beanstalk and the giant tumbling down, or Cinderella rolling away in a huge pumpkin.

Because Louisa May loved the great out-of-doors as dearly as she loved her books her mother often permitted her to spend happy hours running about in the woods and fields. The fresh air and exercise were good for her and helped her to grow healthy and strong. One summer morning just at dawn Louisa ran out into the silent woods and climbed a hilltop to watch, through an arch of trees, the sun rise over the river. For a long time she stood there quietly and reverently, awed by the strange and solemn feeling which came over her. There was no sound but the rustle of the pines, no one near, and the sun rose so gloriously that she seemed to feel the presence of the great God round about. Standing there all alone, she prayed in her heart that she might keep that happy sense of God's nearness all her lifetime.

Louisa May's childhood was not all book lessons and play. Her wise mother believed that learning

how to do housework should be a part of every girl's education. So it happened that sweeping, dusting, and dish-washing, as well as running races and climbing trees, became a part of Louisa's daily exercises. There were sewing lessons, too, when the little girls sat quietly near their mother, learning how to make neat seams with needle and thread. Tedious lessons these were, and sometimes when the breath of flowers and the songs of birds came floating in through the open window little Louisa could hardly see the stitches through the tears which blinded her eyes. Unhappy thoughts would crowd into her mind, the thread would tangle, and everything would seem to go wrong. But her mother was always gentle, and she taught her little daughters that self-control is one of the most beautiful virtues.

When Louisa really learned how to sew she decided to play at dressmaking. She hung out her sign as a doll's dressmaker and milliner, and the neighborhood children brought their doll families to her to be clothed and hatted. This was great fun, after all, knowing how to use a needle skillfully.

Keeping a diary, or journal, was another task which Louisa's mother required her little girls to do. Every day they were supposed to write a few lines telling about themselves, how they had felt, and what they had done. Louisa liked to write her thoughts on paper, but sometimes she was unkind

and cross and then she felt ashamed of the lines she had to write in her journal. She would try very earnestly to improve in her conduct, and her mother would encourage her to keep on trying. One evening she found tucked into her journal a little note from her mother which read: "I am sure you have lived very near to God today; you have been so good and happy. Let each day be like this, and life will become a sweet song for you and all who love you—none so much as your MOTHER." Louisa went to bed that night with a happy heart.

Long before she began to write the stories which were printed in magazines and books Louisa made up stories to tell to her little sisters. Her brain seemed to be full of thoughts that were waiting to take form in stories, and she spent hours dreaming about them. She did not realize then that other children might be delighted to hear her stories too.

As she grew older Louisa became conscious of the fact that her home was severely plain and that her parents were quite poor. She began to notice how shiny her father's coat and trousers had grown, and how nearly threadbare he had worn his overcoat. She saw, too, that her mother's familiar best dress was faded and old. She herself had grown accustomed to wearing made-over frocks without gay ribbons, and that did not matter so much. But she felt very sad when she saw that her dear parents could not dress as well as other

people with whom they associated. Then there were ever so many other things which the family needed besides good clothes. And there was no money with which to supply these needs. "It's miserable, being poor," reflected Louisa, soberly. "But someday when I grow up I am going to frighten the ghost of poverty away from our premises so he will never come back!" This was a big resolution for a little girl to make, but we shall see how well she carried it out.

Louisa's father often called her "Duty's faithful child," because she tried very hard to do whatever she believed to be her duty. As she grew older she felt that it would become her duty to care for the family and earn money to supply their needs. Her father, although a good man, was not able to provide money enough to go around. She must find some way to help. "But what kind of work could a girl do that would bring money into the family purse?" she wondered. Then she remembered the dressmaker's sign which she hung out when she first learned how to sew. She had been only playing then, but the sign had brought business. Now she decided to use her needle in earnest and take orders from her friends and neighbors. In this way she could earn a little money, and every penny would help.

Then there were her stories—if only she could sell them! Very carefully she copied some of them

on clean paper and sent them off to publishers of magazines. At first they came back with polite little notes from the publishers, saying they could not be used. And Louisa would be disappointed, of course; still she could not stop thinking new stories while she sewed, and after the seams were finished and pressed and her work folded up she would scribble those stories on scraps of paper to be neatly copied some other day. Finally one of her stories was accepted by a publisher, who paid five dollars for it. How very rich she felt as she held in her hands her first check which had come as the result of her writings! "Hereafter I will make my head work as well as my fingers," she resolved; "and the work of writing is a joy while sewing is a task." But orders continued to come for more dresses to be made, more sheets and pillow cases and handkerchiefs to be hemmed, while no orders for more stories came. So Louisa continued to work with her needle.

When she grew older other opportunities for work came to Louisa. Sometimes she worked as housekeeper, sometimes as a nurse, and sometimes as a private teacher. She was always willing to do something to help earn money to supply the family's needs. Whatever she did, she could not forget her stories, and new ones came crowding into her thoughts. She wrote them down and sent them off begging to other publishers for a place

in their magazines. Some of them were accepted, and thus more checks came to the ambitious young worker.

Then the Civil War broke out, and soldiers marched away to the battlefields. "If I were a man I should go, too," thought Louisa, as she watched them wistfully. "But being only a woman—." Then a happy thought occurred to Louisa. Women would be needed very, very much to nurse the wounded soldiers in the war hospitals. A merciful work theirs would be, for instead of killing people they would be helping sufferers to get well. Louisa was a capable nurse, and kind. So she resolved to go and help all that she could. She was assigned a place among the nurses in the Union Hotel Hospital at Georgetown, Delaware, and there she went to work in earnest.

From her experiences gained while working as a nurse in the war hospital Louisa wrote interesting letters called "Hospital Sketches," which she sent back to the New England States to be published. The people were eager for news from the war zone, and her writings were in great demand. The publishers accepted them gladly and paid her well. They also sent orders for stories, and now Louisa could earn far more with her pen than with her needle. She was glad to lay aside her sewing and take up her story work in earnest. She was happy to be able to pay off the family debts, to buy her

mother a new gown, and her father a warm overcoat. Never did she think of her own needs until the needs of others were first supplied.

One day Louisa received a letter from a publisher asking her to write a book for girls. "Alas," thought Louisa, "how can I ever do that? My sisters and I were the only girls I ever knew well enough to wrap up in a storybook, and surely nothing ever happened to us that anybody else would care to read about." However, she decided to try to write such a book, just to please the publisher. "More than likely, after all my honest toil he will be displeased," she reflected unhappily, as she arranged her outline and set to work. "But I will try."

When at last the story was finished and read by critics it was pronounced the best of its kind. Shortly after the first edition of *Little Women* was printed Louisa May Alcott realized that she had become a famous author. Thousands of girls over the country were reading about the March family and were laughing and crying over their interesting experiences. One edition after another was printed and sold, and other editions followed.

Publishers were now eager for stories from Louisa's pen and were willing to pay well for them. And all the time more stories kept crowding into her mind to be written. What a busy life was hers! What a glad time she had buying a comfortable home for her aging parents, educating her youngest

sister, and helping to provide for her fatherless nephews.

Louisa had given the best of her life in hard work for others. Now, after she had successfully frightened the ghost of want forever away from their door she had little strength left with which to enjoy her great victory. Through the remaining years of her life she spent many long, dreary days in the sickroom, unable to be about or to enjoy even the companionship of her beloved relatives. Finally, with an overtaxed body and a worn-out brain, she fell asleep in death on March 6, 1888, at the age of fifty-five years.

Story XVII

THE GIRL WHO SAW STATUES IN STONES

Through the silent paths of the woods a little bareheaded girl wandered one day, looking for specimens. Her apron pockets were roomy and quite ready to receive bugs, toads, birds, or bats—in fact, whatever she might happen to find. She would not have run screaming away from the sight of a wriggling green snake, as most girls would, for she loved the little out-of-door creatures that live in the forest and fields.

Harriet Goodhue Hosmer had no brother or sister. She had no mother. There was only her dear doctor father to love her devotedly and try to make her life happy. Because her mother had died of consumption Harriet's father decided to let her grow up as much as possible in the out-of-doors, exercising in the fresh air and sunshine. This is why Harriet enjoyed her rambles through the woods and meadows searching for little squirming bits of insect and bird life when other little folks were in school. This is why she decorated her room with all sorts of queer things which she found in the out-of-doors.

In a corner of the garden near her home was a

clay pit, and there Harriet spent many happy hours from the time she was a tiny girl. She liked to mold the soft clay into objects and fashion them into resemblances of dogs, horses, and other creatures with her art-loving fingers. She never lost interest in this pastime, for the clay pit still held a fascination for her even after she was grown.

When Harriet grew older her father provided other forms of outdoor entertainment for her. He bought a beautiful boat for her very own, in which she could go rowing down the river that flowed past her home. She learned how to handle the oars with ease, and this exercise helped to harden the muscles in her arms. He also gave her a prancing pony and taught her how to ride horseback. Then she could go racing down the highways, her gay hair ribbons fluttering behind, or cantering along shady lanes where cool breezes fanned her cheeks and kissed her forehead. "Happy Hatty," everybody called her, because in spite of her lonely life she was a happy child.

Near Harriet's home lived neighbors who remembered the day—October 9, 1830, it was—when she was born; and the sad days which followed so soon afterwards when her mother died. Now, when they saw Harriet come and go whenever she pleased they often shook their heads and murmured, "Poor child! Her father is spoiling her." They knew he was trying to make up to his only

child for all the love and tenderness a mother could show. They did not know that he was trying, by allowing her so much freedom in the out-of-doors, to keep her on earth with him, and that he believed plenty of fresh air and sunshine would help her grow up healthy and strong.

Harriet was not disturbed by the comments of her well-meaning neighbors. She continued to frolic on the lawn with her pet dog and to laugh at his comical appearance when she decorated him with ribbons and tinkling bells. She continued to adorn her room with mounted specimens of stuffed birds, toads, and bats which she brought home from the fields and woods. She even made an inkstand from the egg of a sea gull and the body of a kingfisher. When tired of other entertainment she still took delight in molding objects from wet clay.

Finally, Dr. Hosmer decided that it was time for his daughter to begin her acquaintance with the book world. He believed she would enjoy reading about the adventures of others as they were told in storybooks. He knew she would benefit by a proper education. So he enrolled her at the village school in the home town—Watertown, Massachusetts.

At first Harriet did not like to go to school. She did not care for books. She did not appreciate the change from her free life in the out-of-doors to the restraint of the schoolroom. So unhappy was she

that she felt miserable and, sad to say, she sometimes behaved miserably. Then her teachers were unhappy, too. This continued for a while, and then Harriet's father decided that she might do better if she were placed in a private school. He sent her away to the famous school of Mrs. Sedgwick at Lenox, Massachusetts. There, just as he had hoped, Harriet began to discover for herself that books can be our best friends.

Mrs. Sedgwick allowed Harriet to continue her daily exercises in the open air. Sometimes she permitted her to take long hikes into the country and explore strange places. Always Harriet would keep on the alert to learn something new. She would find that her schoolbooks helped to explain many interesting facts about nature and that real specimens from the out-door world helped to keep the book world interesting.

Although Harriet no longer had access to the clay pit in the corner of her father's garden, she continued to feel an interest in art. When she read thrilling tales of adventure she pictured in her mind just how the book people lived. She saw the fanciful gods and goddesses of ancient Greece having the forms and features of human beings. Reading mythical literature became her favorite pastime.

After finishing her studies in Lenox, Harriet returned home to her free life of other days. Soon

afterwards she realized the need of more education, for she wished to study drawing, modeling, and anatomy. So she enrolled in a school at Boston, fourteen miles away. Sometimes she walked the entire distance to school. Here she was happy in her work and wished to learn all that she could. With deft fingers she began to turn shapeless lumps of clay into beautiful objects.

Now Harriet began to dream about cutting statues out of stone. She believed she could do it, but she needed to learn more about the position and shape of the bony frame under the flesh before she could fashion lifelike statues. She decided, therefore, to continue her study of anatomy in order to prepare herself for this difficult work. Because she would have to study in a medical school, she applied for admission at the medical school in Boston. And there, to her bitter disappointment, she was refused admission just because she was a girl.

Being a girl had not hindered Harriet from having all kinds of outdoor fun when she was a child. It had not hindered her from carrying a gun on her shoulder and learning how to become as expert a marksman as a boy. Nor had it hindered her from learning how to stuff and mount the game which she had killed. Now she believed that it need not hinder her from studying anatomy in a medical school. When the Boston school refused

to admit her as a student she applied elsewhere.

Finally, she enrolled as a student in the medical college of St. Louis, where Professor McDowell spared no pains to give her a thorough knowledge of anatomy. He was a patient teacher of art students as well as of medical students. Years afterwards, when Harriet had learned how to cut statues from marble, she presented to the college a life-sized bust of the instructor who had so kindly helped her in her work. Her gift was treasured in the college museum.

Although Harriet's father was rich and eager to grant her whatever she might wish, she did not care to spend her time in idleness and vain pleasure. Her vacation periods she spent in traveling and visiting interesting places where she might learn more about people and their different manners and customs. She spent a while among the Dakota Indians, and there she smoked the pipe of peace with the chief. She visited mines where ore was being dug out of the ground, and she scaled a high mountain which was soon afterwards named for her.

When Harriet finished her studies in St. Louis she returned home and decided to begin work at once. Her father fitted up a studio in his garden and there she began to make copies of antique statuary. She chose a block of marble from which she cut a statue called "Napoleon," copying from

Canova. She did every bit of the work herself because she wanted her father to appreciate this first gift shaped by her own clever hands.

When this task was finished, Harriet felt ready to undertake some original work. Remembering the mental pictures which she used to see in her fancy when reading folklore stories, she decided to cut out of marble the likeness of a beautiful girl representing Hesper, the evening star. She ordered a large block of marble and engaged a workman to knock off the corners. She did not trust him to cut far into the marble, for he was not accustomed to working for sculptors. All the rest of the difficult work she did alone.

After days and days of patient and careful toil, Harriet had shaped the marble block to the size she desired. Then she began to cut on its cold surface the face of a lovely maiden, gently falling asleep. Long hours she spent in the studio, sometimes working from dawn until dark, seeming to coax with her chisel and mallet the beautiful features out of the stone. When at last the work was finished there stood the head of a maiden, her hair entwined with poppies and a star on her forehead, while under her breast lay the crescent moon. All this statue the daughter of a rich man had carved with her own hands. If she had not strengthened her muscles through her growing-up years by rowing and taking other athletic exercises, she

would not have been strong enough to swing a leaden mallet weighing four and a half pounds for eight or ten hours a day. How well she had fitted herself for her lifework!

Although everyone who saw the statue of "Hesper" praised its beauty, Harriet felt that she needed to learn more before she could be satisfied with her work. She had heard about the famous sculptors in Rome who admit young students into their studios and instruct them. She believed such instruction would help her to master much about her work which she did not yet understand.

Now Dr. Hosmer had another chance to test his love for his only child. Would he keep her, selfishly, at home, or would he allow the broad Atlantic Ocean to come between them? He knew she would be happiest if she were permitted to go on with her work, so, like all wise fathers, he encouraged her to do her best. In the late autumn of 1852 he took her to Rome and placed her in the studio of the noted English sculptor, John Gibson.

Mr. Gibson soon found out that Harriet was different from the other girl students whom he had tried to teach. They had always been easily discouraged before real difficulties. The fact that she was the daughter of a rich man had made him hesitate about taking her at first, for fear she would be unwilling to work hard. But when he had seen

the daguerreotypes of her "Hesper" he knew that no one afraid of real work could produce such a piece of statuary. He recognized her talent, and said, "Bring her to me, and whatever I can teach her she shall learn." When the first bit of clay which she molded in his studio fell to pieces just before it was finished, he saw her set to work again cheerfully to mold another. This pleased him well, and he knew she would make a good pupil. For seven years she worked in his studio, receiving the best of instruction and encouragement.

"Can you be contented in a foreign land?" one of Harriet's friends had asked just before she left America to study in Rome.

"I can be happy anywhere," she had replied, "with good health and a bit of marble."

Now Harriet was proving the truth of this brave statement. Day after day she worked as hard as if she were a poor girl having to depend upon her labor for her bread and butter. She refused even to spare time from her studies for a vacation during the hot, unhealthful summers in Rome, and thus three happy years passed by.

Then one day Harriet received word from home that her father had lost all his property. No longer could he send money to keep up her expenses as he had been doing. He urged her to come home, but she had no thought of quitting just because she was a poor student. She decided

to remain in Rome and work harder than ever. She sold her fine saddle horse, rented an inexpensive room, and began to live economically.

Soon after her father's misfortune Harriet began work on her famous statue of the fun-loving "Puck," which, with several copies made from it, she sold for $30,000. Her work was admired by the royal families of Europe, and her fame spread far and wide. She continued to choose new subjects and to produce other works of art, never tiring of her toil. Among her most famous statues are "Oenone," "Beatrice Cenci," "Sleeping Faun," a statue of Thomas H. Benton, and "Zenobia in Chains," the most famous of all. So great was this last-named product that some admirers supposed it was the work of the famous sculptor Gibson, instead of his youthful pupil from America. This statue stands in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Harriet returned to America several times to visit her father, but always she went back to Rome to continue her work. Her tools were never idle for long at a time, so greatly did she love to transform marble blocks into works of art. But when her long life was nearing its end she turned her face once more toward America, where she came to spend her last days in Watertown, the home of her childhood. There, on February 21, 1908, after an illness of three weeks, she died, but her name lives on among the honored sculptors of America.

Story XVIII

THE GIRL WHO DARED TO BE A DOCTOR

Born into the home of a rich sugar refiner of Bristol, England, little Elizabeth Blackwell received the best kind of care that can be given to a tiny baby. She slept on downy pillows, laughed and gurgled in the sunlit nursery, and grew and grew. When she became old enough to understand, she found that there were other youthful members of the household besides herself. Two little sisters were romping about from room to room, sharing with her the affection of their parents.

Elizabeth emerged from babyhood into childhood —a tiny creature with blue eyes, blonde hair, and fair complexion, and with a soft, sweet voice that seldom rose to a boisterous pitch, for she was unusually reserved and quiet. The one person to whom she was especially devoted was her father. How she loved to climb onto his lap and cuddle in his arms! "Little Shy" he called her, because she was so unlike her sisters. They would be frolicking about in high glee, unabashed by the presence of strangers, while she would be content to sit silently on his lap, happy just because she could be with him.

As Elizabeth grew older, other sisters and brothers were born into the family. And what merry times the children had together! They celebrated every birthday as elaborately as if it were an event of national importance, and in order to arrange for extra holidays they celebrated all the other days on which something unusual occurred. One time Mr. Blackwell had to make a business trip to Ireland, and the children begged to be allowed to accompany him as far as the steamer. When permission was granted they set out together intent on having some holiday fun. Grave little Elizabeth, now nearly five years old, sat as near her father as possible and held on her lap his traveling bag. She wished to go with him all the way, and wondered how she could manage to do this. When at last the good-bys were said and the boat had started to move slowly down the river, the children ran along the bank for a short distance, waving and shouting in glee. Soon they decided to turn back—all except Elizabeth. She only quickened her pace and refused to stop when they called; for she had made up her mind to go with her father, even if she would have to run all the way along the riverbank. Only when someone convinced her that she could not follow him across the channel on dry land did she turn homeward, very downhearted indeed.

Elizabeth engaged in her share of the rough-

and-tumble games which her sisters and brothers played. She developed a steady nerve and muscles like steel. There were summer frolics at the seaside and winter sports at home in which clean minds and growing bodies could take an active part. Mrs. Blackwell did not frown when the nickname "tomboy" was applied to her healthy girls. She knew that plenty of good exercise would be worth more to them than prudish mannerisms, so she allowed them to continue their laughter and play.

Because every properly educated child needs to learn how to exercise his mind as well as his muscles, the little Blackwell children had to spend some of their time in the schoolroom studying language, music, and other general subjects. At first this study period seemed like punishment, but when the meaning of books dawned on their minds the children became studious. Elizabeth and her two older sisters learned how to speak in the French and German languages. They were preparing to grow up and enjoy years of travel in other lands.

Elizabeth now found among her other forms of entertainment the joy of reading good books. They seemed like quiet, thoughtful friends. Some of them told about noble women who had shown undaunted courage in the face of difficulty and danger. Others told about brave women who had risked their lives to do service to their fellow men.

Elizabeth admired these heroines and wished to grow up and imitate their example.

When only ten years old Elizabeth was permitted to accompany her father on a long voyage. They did not go alone, for other members of the family had also bidden farewell to England and were sailing away to America. For a while they lived in New York, where Mr. Blackwell again engaged in the sugar business and the children continued their studies and their play. All seemed to be going well when a financial crash came and Mr. Blackwell lost a great deal of money. His business failed, and things looked dark indeed. Gathering up what little he had left, and taking his family, he moved again. This time he chose Cincinnati, Ohio, for their home.

Elizabeth could never forget the first summer they spent in Cincinnati. The climate of an inland city was so different from any she had ever known before. The heat seemed withering and the air too heavy to breathe. Soon her father's health began to fail and he was stricken down with fever. He lay for a few days, tossing on his sickbed, and then he died. Two other members of the family fell ill and they also died. What an unhappy, distressing time! To make matters worse, there was no money with which to pay the bills. They decided to sell their valuable furniture left in New

York; but the agent who sold it kept the money, and they were worse off than before.

Mr. Blackwell had always been honest. He had always paid his debts. Now his distressed family resolved to find some way out of their helplessness and pay their debts. The three oldest girls agreed to open a boarding school for young ladies. The two boys next in age also set to work in earnest to earn every penny that hard work would bring. And so they managed to support their widowed mother and the four younger children.

Teaching school was not easy for girls who had been brought up in a home of luxury and who had never been trained to become self-supporting. Just girls themselves, it was not easy to demand of other girls the respect which teachers should have. But day after day Elizabeth and her sisters tugged away at the task which they had undertaken, and year after year they managed to earn enough money to keep the family together and to educate the younger children.

During those trying years the girl teachers often felt indignant because there was no kind of work in which they might engage except teaching. Other professions were not open to women. Public opinion gasped at the thought of a lady wishing to become a lawyer or a doctor. Elizabeth decided that it was time for public opinion to change its mind. She grew tired of teaching daughters of

the rich how to conjugate French verbs. She wanted to fit herself for a different calling. She wanted to use her energy in helping to build up the broken bodies of sick people. She wanted to become a doctor.

After six years of teaching in the boarding school for girls, Elizabeth was no longer needed to help keep up the family expenses. So she began to lay aside her hard-earned money and prepare to study medicine. Now she needed all the courage that she could muster, for she would be entering a new field, where women were not wanted. Still she felt that women were by nature well fitted to undertake the good work of relieving pain and that they should be allowed to do this kind of work if they wished.

While teaching music in a fashionable school in Charleston, South Carolina, Elizabeth met a distinguished physician who encouraged her to pursue her studies in medicine. He admitted her among his office students and helped her in every way that he could.

At last she had saved enough money to enter a medical college, and with a glad heart she applied for enrollment among the students in the Philadelphia Medical School. To her dismay, she was refused admission. Then she applied to other schools, which also promptly replied that they did not care to enroll a lady student. When she

had been refused by twelve schools, one after another, she sent her application to two others. Anyone with less determination would have quit trying, but Elizabeth kept right on. As a result of her perseverance, a favorable reply came from the medical school at Geneva, New York.

Elizabeth had only begun her difficult undertaking when she reached Geneva. Everybody in town regarded her as a curiosity—the only woman student among five hundred—and no one cared to lodge her. People would stare at her in the streets and scoff at the thought of a respectable young lady trying to become a doctor. In spite of these things, Elizabeth began her work in the classrooms, going and coming quietly and paying no attention to anyone or anything except her professors and her notebooks. When the teachers saw how deeply in earnest she was they took a special interest in her. Their wives called to see her and invited her to visit their homes. Then the people who had refused to grant her a boarding place felt ashamed and began to treat her more kindly. After two years of study at Geneva, Elizabeth graduated, receiving the first medical diploma ever granted to a woman.

Still Elizabeth was not ready to begin to practice medicine. She had not planned merely to become a doctor. She wanted to overcome the prejudice in people's minds against women doctors. The

quickest way to do this would be to make possible the education of other young women who wished to practice medicine. After her troubles at the Geneva medical college, she felt that other girl students should have opportunity to study together. So she decided to prepare herself to found a hospital where girls who wished to become doctors might study. In order to be qualified to do this she would have to study longer, in Europe.

First Elizabeth went to Paris, hoping to learn from the most highly educated physicians, but every one discouraged her. They said no woman would be allowed to study medicine in Paris. She tried again and again, and after long months had passed she was granted permission to study under some of the ablest professors.

Next she went to England, her home country, where she took private instruction in two large hospitals and learned all that she could learn about the work of a physician. She studied the needs of a hospital, too, for still she dreamed about the time to come when she should build one in America.

After years of patient study Elizabeth returned to New York and felt prepared to begin her work. She was now well qualified and a capable physician. Again she faced discouragement. Women doctors were not wanted. She had no practice. People felt suspicious of a woman who professed

to know how to cure their ills. They would not come for treatment. Then she began to give lectures on health to women, and some, out of curiosity, came to hear her. And many of them stayed to receive treatments, for they were convinced that she understood her work. In this way she gradually won a place among the prominent physicians of New York.

Elizabeth was especially interested in the diseases of women and children. She opened a dispensary where people unable to pay for medical attention might come and be treated free. There poor mothers were taught how to care for their children and how to keep themselves and their homes clean. This charity work had long been needed among the poor in the city.

By and by Elizabeth's dream came true, for she was able to establish a hospital for women in New York. Here she received women patients and doctored their ills. Here she also trained other young women who were studying to become physicians. This was the first hospital organized for the instruction of women in practical medicine. So popular did it become that in ten years' time fifty thousand patients were relieved by its means. Elizabeth had convinced the people at last that women can serve as successfully as men in the medical profession.

For years Elizabeth believed that hospitals were

the best places to educate medical students, and now she asked the State legislature to confer college powers upon her hospital. She carefully planned three years' work for each student and added other improvements which medical schools had failed to make. A chair of hygiene was established, and there for the first time hygiene was made a branch of study in an American medical college.

Through the influence and labor of Elizabeth Blackwell women doctors have been educated and have gone to work in various parts of the world. Some have gone with their husbands to work in other hospitals, and some have gone as missionary doctors to places where otherwise they could not have carried the gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE END.

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